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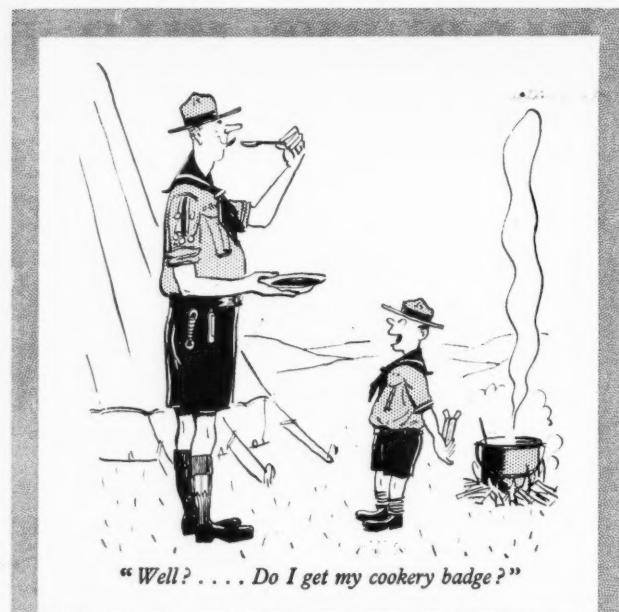
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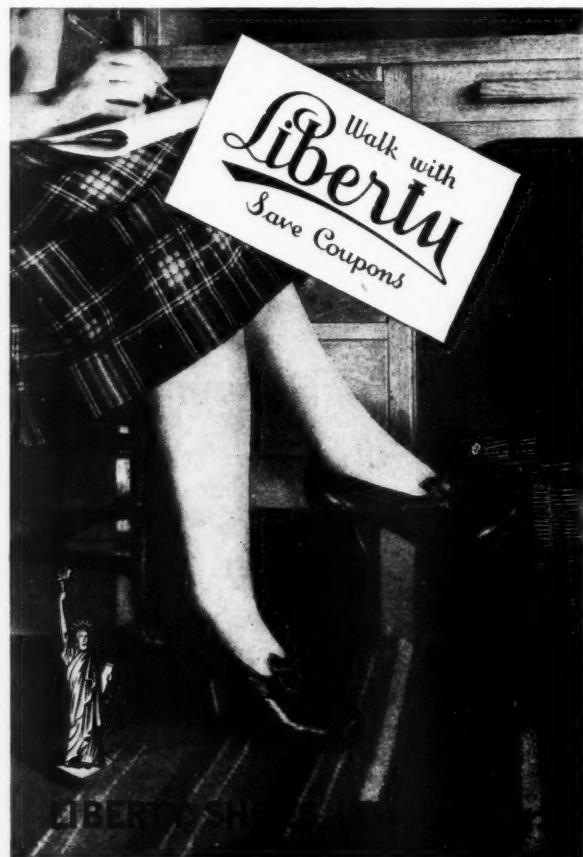
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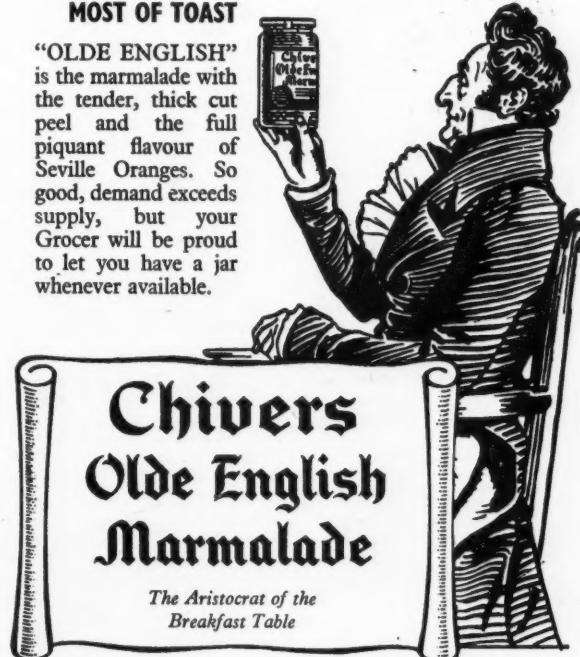


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-1-

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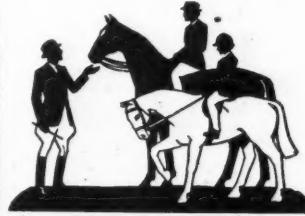
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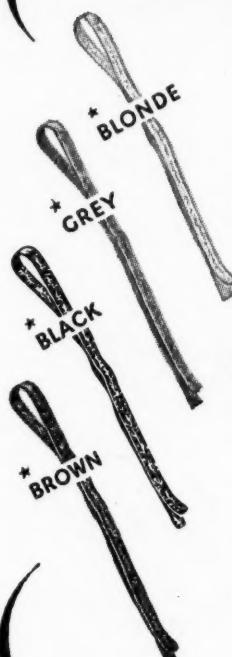
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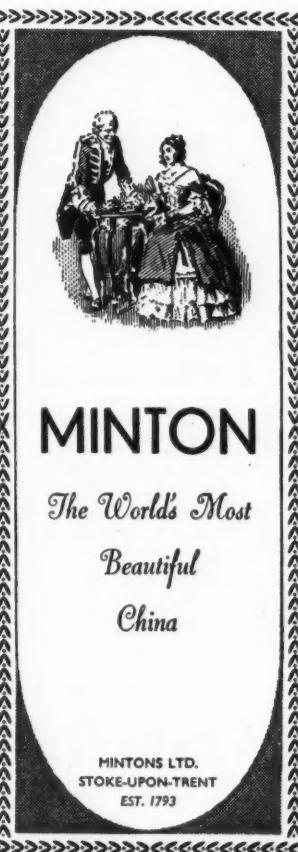
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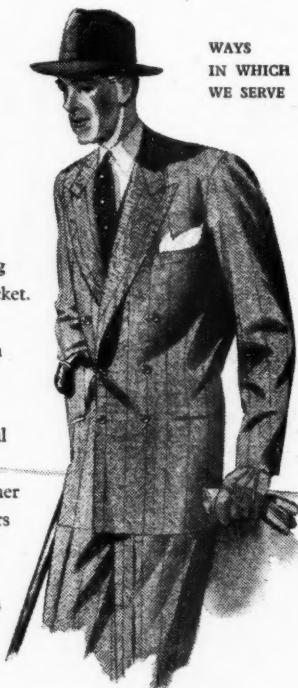
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# PUNCH

Or  
*The London Charivari*



Vol. CCXIV No. 5609

June 16 1948

## Charivaria

It is suggested that guards' vans, like locomotives, should be painted in vivid colours. This will help to brighten the lives of business men who arrive at their stations just too late to qualify as passengers.

• • •  
A first-class cricket captain says that the juvenile craze for autographs is becoming a positive menace. After a gruelling day in the field against the Australians he was approached by a small boy to use his influence to get Bradman's.



• • •  
"This year's survey had to admit that last year's target was missed by 30,000."

"*The Times.*"  
Talk about useless bangs!

• • •  
Elastic braces and sock suspenders are now obtainable in most outfitters' shops, though complete social security is not due until July 5th.

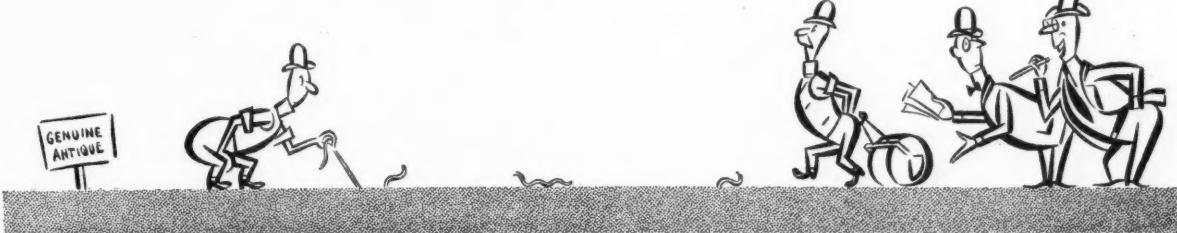
• • •  
An Olympic Games contestant learnt to dive from a punt on the Thames. Some people learn to punt by this method.

### Vegetable Love

• • •  
"Addressing a well-attended meeting at Carnarvon, Dr. Colin Steyn, Minister of Labour, denied a report that he had been honorary president of the Friends of the Soviet Union."

"*Natal Mercury.*"

• • •  
A Helpful Hint in a daily paper advises people who wish to send strawberries by mail not to wait until the fruit is very ripe. Post early, in other words, to avoid the crush.



## The Rude Giant

ONCE upon a time there was a fabulous and highly allegorical Giant who failed to Give General Satisfaction. He was Rude to his Neighbours, jostling them unmercifully in the streets and writing offensive remarks about them on the walls, and in general he Went His Own Way and Made No Bones About It. If he found any persons wandering about without visible means of support he did not hesitate to Scoop Them Up and carry them off to his dingy castle. So after a time the people got tired of it and said to one another, "Look, if we all get together and present a United Front and link arms when we go out walking and all that sort of thing, this Fabulous Giant will have to keep to his side of the pavement and won't be able to push us off into the gutter or carry us off one by one to his dingy castle. In fact he will jolly well have to Make Some Bones About It, whether he likes it or not."

Well, when the Giant saw that the neighbours weren't going to put up with it any longer, he said to himself, "Ho! Ho!" (which is a common enough ejaculation among giants). "Ho! Ho!" he said, "I shall have to Change My Tune and Pipe Down a Bit"; and after that he went about smiling genially and not jostling people so much, and instead of writing offensive messages on the walls he chalked up "I am Ready to Talk Turkey if You Are," which is a pretty unallegorical sort of sentence but makes the meaning clear.

Now you might not think that people even in an allegory could be quite so fabulous, but as soon as the Giant stopped jostling them, one or two of the neighbours began to feel that this business of going about arm-in-arm was rather Irksome and Uncalled-for. After all, they said, now that the old Giant is so well-disposed and Anxious to be Friendly, it would be a pity to upset him by going about arm-in-arm in this marked manner; and, besides, there is a good deal to be said for Liberty of Action and the right to jostle one

another a bit, if only to relieve the monotony. So they began to Wriggle and Wrench About a Bit, in the manner of persons extricating themselves from an Unpleasant Situation, hitting each other in the waistcoat with their elbows and putting in a certain amount of skilful toe-treading into the bargain.

The reflections of the Giant on observing these manœuvres are not recorded. But it is known that there was among the neighbours a private citizen of extraordinary virtue and wisdom who regarded the behaviour of his fellows with surprise and alarm, and accordingly decided to Bring them to their Senses by means of a Powerful Allegory.

"Once upon a time," he began, "there was a fabulous and highly allegorical Great Power."

He had got no further than this when he was interrupted by a great outcry, the people shouting "No, no. This will never do. There is no subtlety in it. It is already clear to us that you are about to make an Unwarrantable Attack upon a certain Giant who shall be nameless. If you wish to impress us with the lessons of your Allegory you must be more delicate. You must Wrap it Up. You must get right to the end before we Begin To See What You Are Getting At."

"Subtlety!" cried the private citizen in a rage. "Wrap it Up! What is the use of subtlety when you are talking to people who cannot see a brick wall in front of their faces?"

"We can see the brick wall well enough," they replied; "and we can also see that it has written upon it the words 'I am Ready to Talk Turkey if You Are.' So now then!"

At this the wise and virtuous private citizen decided to eschew allegory for the future and contented himself with adding to the message on the wall the single word "Ho!" for all the world as if he was himself a fabulous giant, and not merely the owner of the obscure initials H. F. E.

## Tendencies

THE tendency of blue soap to be flavoured with eau-de-cologne is one of the smaller tendencies of life, but I am starting with it because I have chosen a rather abstract title and don't want to leave my readers hanging round thinking of nothing. I need not explain that I chose this title for its scope more than for its power of conjuring up a word-picture. Almost anything can be got into it. There is, for example, the tendency of the average clothes-brush to be needed suddenly, so that it is hardly ever referred to in less than a modified shout; and of the average stumpy umbrella to live under the raincoats, moored to the nearest buttonhole by its one loose spoke.

Now let us approach a more complicated and mental side of the subject—the tendency of certain sets of circumstances to make my readers look what I would define as typical (a milder word than silly, but including it if necessary), if only to themselves. Social life fairly brims with such occasions. My readers may be expecting a few words on how green peas, and sometimes even minor potatoes, shoot suddenly off the most accomplished eater's plate. But I doubt if when this happens my readers feel at all typical; simply that the plate-shooting department of fate

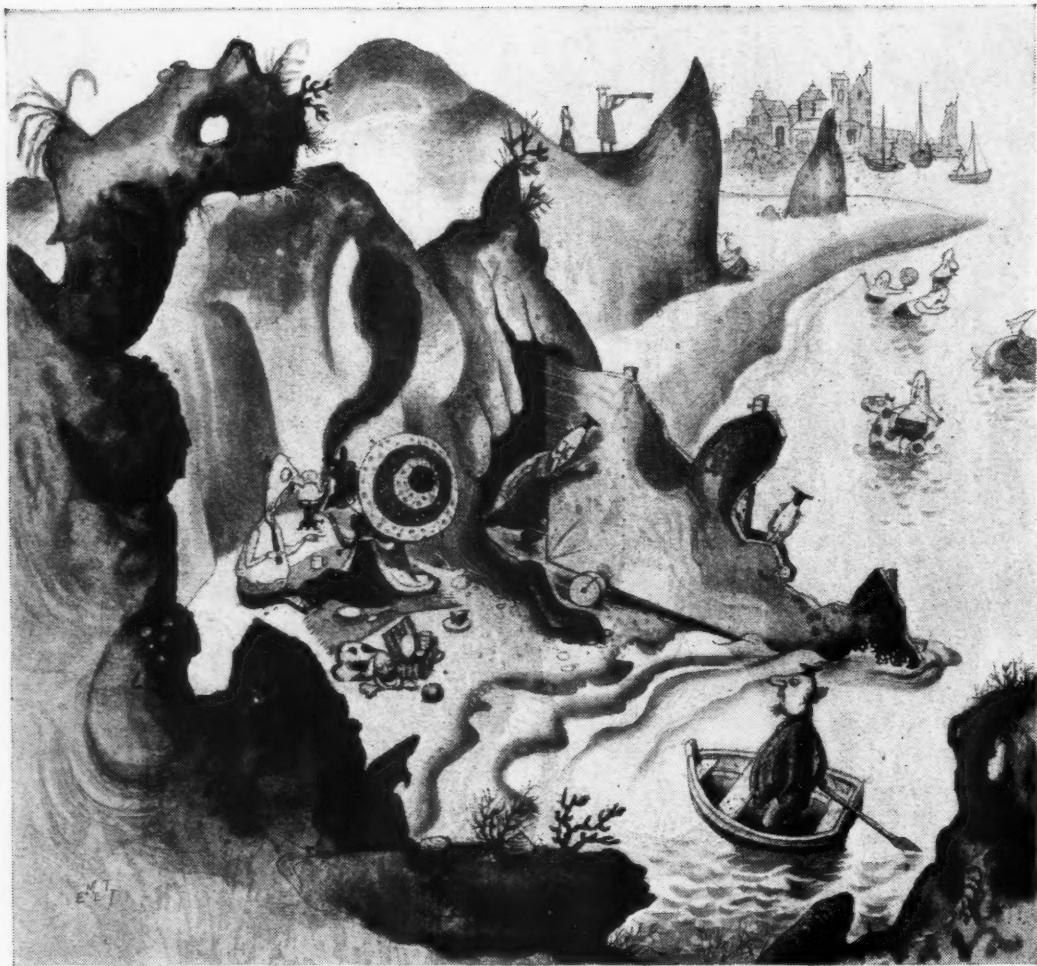
has picked on them. Anyway I was really about to mention something less obvious: how it is often impossible, when you are out to tea and wanting to look happy, not to get down to the tea-leaves while waiting to be asked to have another cup. I don't mean turning your cup upside down on your face, just getting an odd tea-leaf along with a mouthful of no tea. A social occasion which brings out the best in my readers is being asked to help move some piece of furniture, usually a sofa, a job calling for little more than goodwill and putting the corner of the rug back. But psychologists go so far as to say that visitors shoving sofas about consider themselves very, very faintly prefects, even if they have already done the drying-up.

I expect, by the way, that my readers will have noticed that though they may be spending no more than a few hours in someone else's house they will be just a little bit disappointed if the post arrives and there is nothing for them. Psychologists classify this briskly as a reflex; what puzzles them is the half-surprise of a visitor on observing that a person living in the house has got a letter addressed to that very person. They say that reasonable people should not be even half-surprised at such a natural occurrence, but that when they remember how post-office customers



### THE NEW LURE

"Not bad for a start."



*"You'd be SURPRISED the number of picnics that gets cut off 'ere and 'as to be rescued for a consideration."*

marvel inwardly at the mere sight of an addressed letter on the counter, they see what they are up against.

MOVING to an even more mental sphere I shall take my readers next into the reference section of a public library, where they will see the tendency of this centre of static activity to turn the public into a specialized branch of humanity; not allowed to talk, searching for knowledge like mad and yet inside itself—or trying to keep them inside itself—having all the characteristics it gets through life with. The first impression of such a place is of course its silence, that is the quiet and yet visible way we are walking through it; the next, that we are addressing the librarian in what must be the layer of voice immediately above a whisper. Not every library-enterer of course actually speaks to the librarian; and librarians tell us that many who do like to be only vaguely instructed, to be sent towards the right half of the room and left to frown along the likely titles. But sometimes people ask for something definite and learned, with a mental glance at the nearest brooding figure. Either way my readers will be thinking pretty respectfully of themselves.

When my readers have found their book and settled down with the minimum of chair-grating—that is, nearly the maximum but not on purpose—they will, if they are doing the thing properly, get out some paper and a pencil. If they have brief-cases they will click and scrabble, seeming to themselves to be eating chocolates out of a bag; but I must emphasize that all this noise-consciousness is not so much fright (unless a note-taker actually glares, when it is) as an acknowledgment of the rules. The rest of the process is fairly straightforward; keeping quiet, getting to know the people round us by looking at them, and hoping it doesn't show when we bring the same book back for the third time.

So much for public libraries; except for a word on their practical clocks and the way they dress their books to match. Now, finally, for a general tendency of human nature: its inclination to assume that to-morrow will have more hours in it than to-day. I am not saying that human nature actually thinks that the next day will be longer than the laws of nature allow, though it does sometimes feel that to-day was a bit on the short side. What I mean is that the people this paragraph is talking about are

planning for to-morrow a stern sequence of tasks divided by little fences of time which mark off the coming day theoretically exactly; and that seen on such a level of efficiency (an efficiency which being written sideways on the back of an envelope does nothing to) no day can be destined to contain a telephone call from someone cheery with half an hour to fill in.

ANDE.

## All Done With Mirages

**I** ALWAYS did know it was hopeless to explain," said Cogbottle, resigned. "I should never have tried."

"No," said Upfoot, "no— It must be possible to explain. Even to me, it *must* be possible. Let's try again. The basic point is the reflection, isn't that it?"

"Well . . ." Cogbottle said. "I don't know that I'd say that was the *basic* point. Anybody can grasp the idea that if something that's already reversed is reflected, it's turned the right way round again. Anybody can explain that, too. My point is a stage beyond that, I can hardly even grasp what it is myself."

"Oh. You didn't say that before. In that case—"

"No," said Cogbottle firmly, "you've got me started again and now you must take the consequences. Look, let's take a concrete example. Take the 'Smoking' sign on the window of a railway-carriage. A transparent one."

"They're all transparent," said Upfoot.

"Oh, no, they aren't."

"You're thinking of the *No Smoking* signs," Upfoot insisted. "They aren't transparent."

Cogbottle cleared his throat and held up a finger. "I'm thinking, anyway," he said, "of a transparent *Smoking* sign." He sketched it in the air.

"L.N.E.R.? I mean what used to be the L.N.E.R.?"

"Never mind these details," said Cogbottle irritably. "They fog the window. I mean the issue. Think of a transparent 'Smoking' sign on a carriage window. Seen from inside the carriage."

"So that it's backwards," Upfoot nodded, looking intelligent.

"Exactly. There they are, all the little flaws on the *back* of the painted letters, all the little things you aren't meant to look at."

"Half a minute. In that case it isn't transparent."

Cogbottle let out a long breath. "Call it what you like, that's the sort of thing I mean. You've got an idea of that in your head, now?"

"Mm—roughly."

"Well then. Now you look at the *opposite* window, and what do you see there?"

"I see a girl standing in the corridor. I feel guilty," said Upfoot. "I'm sorry you brought this up. Now I've got to have a tussle with my conscience and at the end of it fight my way out to the corridor and offer the girl my seat."

"You see the reflection of the sign."

"No, I don't. The girl is wearing a white coat. Besides, she's pretty."

"The girl is wearing a *dark* coat—"

"New Look?"

"A *dark* coat, against which you see a perfect reflection," said Cogbottle, "of the *backs* of the letters the *fronts* of which form the word 'Smoking'."

He paused and looked expectantly at Upfoot, who at length said "Well?"

"Well," said Cogbottle. "Now this is the point. This is the crux. The word is now the right way round, isn't it?"

Upfoot closed his eyes. His lips moved for a few seconds. After a time he opened his eyes, looked at Cogbottle suspiciously, and said "Yes. Well?"

"Well," said Cogbottle. "This is where I find it so hard to explain. Although it's the right way round, you're seeing the backs of the letters."

Upfoot stared. "What of it?"

"Well—" Cogbottle frowned and looked about as if for escape. "I— I wish I knew more philosophy."

"Good lord, if you're bringing philosophy into—"

"But it *is* a philosophical point, that's what I want to explain. At least I think it is, a *sort* of philosophical point. There it is, the word, absolutely correct, as if written for you to read—but the wrong side of the letters."

"Well, but— I'm blowed if I see—"

"I knew you would be. I call you to witness I said it was impossible to explain."

"Nothing ought to be impossible to explain," said Upfoot, "to persons of reasonable intelligence. You've hardly tried to explain it."

There was another pause, in which the process of thought was almost audible.

"The fact that the word can now be read," Cogbottle began at last, carefully, "that it now expresses something, although it consists of letters that do not, as it were, exist, seems to me to mean that an entirely new *reality*, an illusory reality, has been brought in."

"Brought in where?"

"Brought in to the situation. This seems to me to be extraordinarily interesting. I'm sure there must be a philosophical name for it."

"You have chosen the wrong interlocutor," said Upfoot. "I have a literal mind. The names I can think of for it are not—"

"Facetiousness will get you nowhere."

"Your methods aren't getting *you* very far."

After Cogbottle had wrestled with his thoughts for a few moments he brought out again the word "Reality."

"What?"

"That's the point, *reality*. What sort of reality has the word 'Smoking' as you see it in the reflection? The *word* exists, but it is composed of illusory elements. It's like a mirage."

"Well, what's so remarkable about that? Everybody knows about mirages. Some of my best friends are—I mean, two of my cousins have seen a mirage, on its home ground."

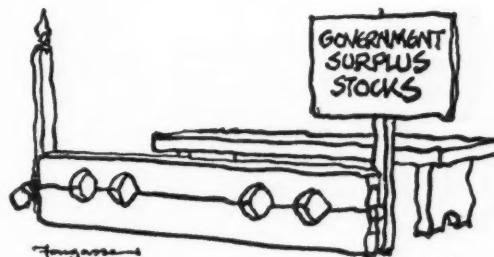
"But how many people realize when they are seeing what amounts to one in a railway-carriage?"

"Do you mean to suggest," said Upfoot, "that it would do them any good even if you convinced them they were? . . . That's a mirage, if I ever heard one."

Cogbottle looked up.

"All right," Upfoot said. "Now we discuss the philosophical term for the process of hearing a mirage."

R. M.



## The Navy, the Army and the Airstrip

### The Royal Tournament at Olympia

IT is said that a man who rows in the Boat Race is never the same again, and this may well be true of a sailor who takes part in that traditional Royal Tournament event,



the Navy Field Gun Competition. This year the competition opens the bill, and almost before the audience knows what's happening the two rival teams are whirling about the arena on wires, taking their guns with them over formidable obstacles while pulleys and scaffold poles whizz giddily past their ears. Each gun *wheel*, the loud-speaker told us with an interesting choice of imagery, weighs "as much as the average woman," and the event is so packed with thrills that it seems impossible that anything quite as effective can follow.

It is followed, however, by something just as effective—a hundred and twenty young women of more than average good looks (I can't speak for their weight): the Women's Auxiliary Services in a physical training display. If a secondary aim of the Tournament is to attract manpower into the Forces, this display is an inspired device to that end; it would be a pleasure to spend a late pass in their company—one at a time of course—and to learn what they look like when they are allowed to smile...

But *Whoomp-whoomp-whoomp-BRRRRRRRRR!*—here come the mad motor-cyclists of the Royal Signals, rudely exploding the dream as they plunge through paper-covered frames, sit on their handlebars, stand on their hands, ride three, six, ten, fifteen on one machine, shearing the tread off each other's front tyres in hair-raising near-collisions. These boys (what fun

they must have, and how their mothers must hate it) mix comedy with the thrills, and the audience roars when a passenger nonchalantly removes his sidecar wheel and beats his driver over the head with it, when the perky little "Corgi," a sort of powered scooter, trundles among its monster brothers, when a rider, finding that a hanger-on has hooked a sledge to the back of his machine and is enjoying a free ride, dismounts in a huff and leaves him to guide the cycle to safety with nothing to get hold of but the rear number-plate. Great stuff, this.

Great stuff of another kind is the beautiful noise made by the massed bands of the Royal Navy School of Music. A fine new, spine-tingling fanfare (by Frederic Curzon) from fourteen silvery trumpets introduces a programme by two hundred musicians, all impeccably turned out and as precise in their drill movements as in their pitch, tone and tempo; it can be no easy matter, this perfect synchronization in an auditorium of such vastness and such tricky acoustics.

Music of a necessarily thinner quality, from the "resident" band of the 1st Life Guards, accompanies the complex Navy acrobatics which follow. With movements of rhythmic leisureliness about eighty sailors climb ropes to gain the great window-frames hanging fifty feet above our heads from Olympia's gauzy-blue roof, where they swing like monkeys, dangle like bats, all in patterns of immaculate symmetry and to such oddly unsuitable tunes as "Meet Me To-night In Dreamland." But several items of the purely "accompanying" music are incongruous—not, perhaps, that it really matters. The Household Cavalry, in their "Musical Ride," trot and canter, breast-plates a-gleam and plumes nodding, to the airs of Gershwin, Rodgers, Berlin and Kern, and the young ladies mentioned earlier perform their physical jerks to "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" and "The Girl That I Marry." However, perhaps in their case it's permissible. More sober stuff accompanies the "Musical Drive" of The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, and rightly: six gun-carriages and six snaking about the arena in elaborately woven patterns at an average speed of twenty miles an hour should be distracted as little as possible from the matter in hand.

The main entrance at Olympia is manned by a representative of each of the three Services, and it seems rather a pity that this just distribution of

labour doesn't extend to the inside of the building; of the Tournament's ten events, the Navy star in three, the Army in five . . . and the Air Force in one, so that even if the remaining event (those girls again) were counted as one-third R.A.F., once removed, the proportions would remain uneven. When it does come, the R.A.F. contribution proves to be an ambitious one, depicting the establishing of a forward airstrip in territory which has first to be wrested from the Japanese. The open nature of the arena's terrain



Brockbank—

places the jungle specialists at a disadvantage, and as soon as our men open fire the defenders die in large numbers, uttering piteous cries in what may well

be their native tongue. Later they are borne off, all smiles, by humane British stretcher-parties, while huge model aircraft zoom ingeniously overhead, Bofors guns are rushed up and manned, a transport machine belches equipment, a jeep descends by parachute (but proves, to our relief, to be only a model too), the airstrip is slickly laid and the Central Band of the Royal Air Force, luckily on hand in full ceremonial dress, plays triumphantly. It earned loud acclaim from all—possibly with the exception of the Chelsea Pensioners, who may have reflected, and truly, that soldiering isn't what it used to be.

In fairness it should be said that outside the arena, near the main doors, one more spotlight shines on the R.A.F.—a Meteor IV jet-propelled aircraft is on show, the one that recently flew from Edinburgh to London in thirty minutes, twenty-five seconds. Let the Navy and the Army think that one over!

J. B. B.

## Lady Addle and the Food Outlook

Bengers, Herts, 1948

MY DEAR, DEAR MR. STRACHEY,—I read in the paper the other day that the ration books for 1950 had already been printed and I write hastily to say that I, for one, feel no depression at the idea. Indeed, on the contrary, a sense of elation, of adventure, as though we were never now to know what is at the back of the kitchen front. Ho, I say to myself with a laugh, this calls for bravery, for endurance, for womanly wisdom—and then I feel Britannia's breast-plate very close to me.

I cannot conceal from my dear readers, and from you who, being an Old Etonian, I hope are one of them, that I adore the invention which necessity has mothered in these strenuous years. Many of you will remember my cooking hints during the war. But that was before that bold pair of newcomers in the kitchen—whale and snoek! Never would we have expected anything like them in this our Island Story. But, like the blitz, they have surely brought out the best in human nature—or perhaps indeed *because* of the blitz. There is a delayed action explosion of fishiness in the mouth from whale that is very reminiscent of bombs, and many a man must, I feel certain, have learnt from the tautening of his muscles when the alert sounded, how to prepare himself gallantly for snoek fishcakes at breakfast.

I have, I believe, added a mite to the Ministry of Food's splendid hints about these two commodities by inventing whale fritters which, if you put plenty of curry powder in the batter, are very crisp to eat, and often taste quite strongly of curry. Then snoek ices can be made quite easily in the ice tray of one's refrigerator, by mixing a tin of snoek, well flaked, with some moistened powdered milk and—at the last moment—pouring on a hot ginger sauce. I made it for little Hirsie and he ate it eagerly—too eagerly I fear, for the poor little chap was far from well afterwards. What a joy are our children, and how they do gladden our hearts in these difficult days. They will eat anything.

The only point on which I would venture to offer criticism, dear Mr. Strachey, is that having gone thus far you do not go farther. If you borrow whale-meat from the Eskimos, why not picturesque pemmican from the North American Indians; fillets of rhino from the African tribes, musk ox from the Mongolians, who, I am told, grate the horns over the dish in order to create a gritty diversion from the natural toughness of the meat? These romantic details I learn from Mipsie who once, as my dear readers will remember, made a world tour and explored many countries, together with their customs and their costumes, from end to end. On one occasion, when staying with an Arab sheikh, she was presented, as the greatest delicacy he could offer her, with a dish of peacocks' eyes. But I do not think somehow that these would be popular in Britain. For one reason, we already have too many eyes upon us in all we do nowadays.

Apart from foreign dishes, however, much can be done by utilizing the natural foods of this dear land of ours. Many do not know that ground elder (sometimes known as Gout or Bishop's Weed) has, when cooked like nettles, a flavour slightly reminiscent of ground ivy. Puff balls, very carefully fried so that they don't explode in the face, make a substantial meal, and surely you, dear Mr. Strachey, with the imagination to think of whale-steaks, must have realized the possibilities of the beefsteak mushroom? It looks

jetting out from a tree trunk, almost exactly like liver. It has a flesh like liver, soft, juicy and ruddy. "But there," according to an expert, "the resemblance to meat ends." What a worthy counterpart to *filets de baleine*!

Then there is seaweed, which the Irish children love to eat raw, though it is better, I am told, boiled and mixed with mashed potatoes and buttermilk. Mipsie advises me to tell you that we have a large quantity of dulse—one of the more edible varieties of seaweed—growing round the shores of Addle's property in Eigg, for which, if you would like to make a government purchase, my sister would be happy to act as agent. It would, she points out, surely be more patriotic than a dollar transaction, and, if it was not popular, you could always put it on points and control the price, which would mean that it was never seen again. Alternatively, you could include it in the menu on restaurant cars, which would tend to free the seating accommodation even more than I hear the railway sausages have done.

I hope you will forgive some of these little hints, dear Mr. Strachey, from a woman older than yourself and, I add with all deference, even more experienced in culinary make-do-and-mend.

Yours sincerely,  
BLANCHE ADDLE OF EIGG.  
M. D.

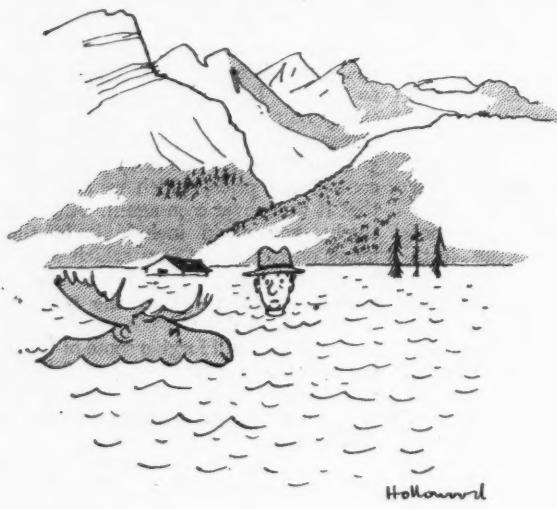


## An Innocent in Canada

### VI—Saddle Interlude

(*Mr. Punch's Special Correspondent is spending a few weeks in Canada.*)

IN May and June the snow of the Canadian Rockies melts into beautiful silken cascades, and the cascades unite to make ugly floods. Rivers charge through their valleys like stampeding herds of buffalo, tear at railway tracks and embankments, break clear and engulf the low-lying settlements. This is a familiar sequence in the annals of the Rockies, a recurring tragedy. When the



Hollonard

Fraser, Thompson and Kicking Horse rivers lash out the giant mountains look guilty and bewildered, like parents who realize that they have produced a string of untamable young delinquents.

A few days ago\* the floods cut the C.P.R. and C.N.R. routes to British Columbia and immobilized all east-west traffic. They even immobilized the innocent and corralled him with the cowboys in the mountains. This week's episode, then—or rather, interlude—springs from adversity. Looking back I regard it as a particularly painful pause in the day's occupations which we will call the children's hour.

Listen, children. Larry Trubairn is a cowboy with the Brinsley outfit. I repeat, Larry is a cowboy, a genuine cowboy. In an unwary moment, when a delicious mixed odour of pine needles, coffee, ozone and sizzling bacon had me relaxed and ruminative, I happened to address him as "You part-time cowboys . . ." and the effect was most unnerving. A rope (no real cowboy ever calls it a lasso or a lariat) whistled swiftly, accurately and playfully across the camp-fire and around my neck, and Larry swore that a repetition of the slander would mean another empty saddle on the range. A part-time cowboy is much lower, apparently, than a dude or a rookie.

Larry is a full-time cowboy an' no foolin'. He is tallish, lean and bow-legged. His face is brown, deeply-grooved and rather handsome, and his dark, slitted eyes give his features a permanently aggressive cast. You look at him and finger your throat. He is vain. He likes to be mistaken for Gary Cooper, but prefers his own analysis, "a bit of Gregory Peck and a bit of Humphrey Bogart."

\* Mountain Time of writing.

Like most cowboys who spend the summer as trail-guides to wealthy Americans, Larry dresses flamboyantly in a richly decorated stetson (his wife irons the brim into the fashionable curl), a yellow and green check shirt, blue jeans and high-heeled boots with spurs that jingle. He never passes the windows of the Hudson's Bay Company without sighing for the latest shirtings from Scotland and Winnipeg. Mrs. Trubairn stands there fuming, clicking her spurs. She wears the jeans all right in this family.

Although I have described Larry in some detail, children, he does not take the lead in this little drama of the high ranges. He plays second fiddle to Tom, a remarkable chestnut gelding. Tom was my animal—or, if you like, I was his human. Only a month ago Tom was a wild pony sheltering from the bleak Rocky Mountain spring in a clump of pines somewhere in Caribou Valley. He had been out there, running wild, all winter—ever since the fall, when the last American plutocrat withdrew his patronage and left for Florida. Tom is a victim of seasonal unemployment.

It was a long, long winter, children, and there was precious little food to be scraped from under the snow. Tom lost so much weight that his ribs showed through his rough winter coat like the wires in an umbrella. His only square meal came in January when Larry and a few of the Brinsley boys rode out into the valleys and dumped bales of "feed" near the water-holes. (Cable offers for film rights, Mr. Disney, direct to this office.) Then, as the luxury hotels of the Rockies stirred from their winter sleep and compared reservations, the cowboys set off on their annual corraling expedition. By this time Tom had forgotten all about the Brinsley stables, forgotten the heady parfums of rich New Yorkers and the subtle rebop rhythms of their pocket-radios. He was interested only in the fresh green shoots growing under his hooves and the sparkling streams of melted snow. He gave the boys a long hard ride before they roped him, identified him by his hoof-markings and led him away to seasonal servility.

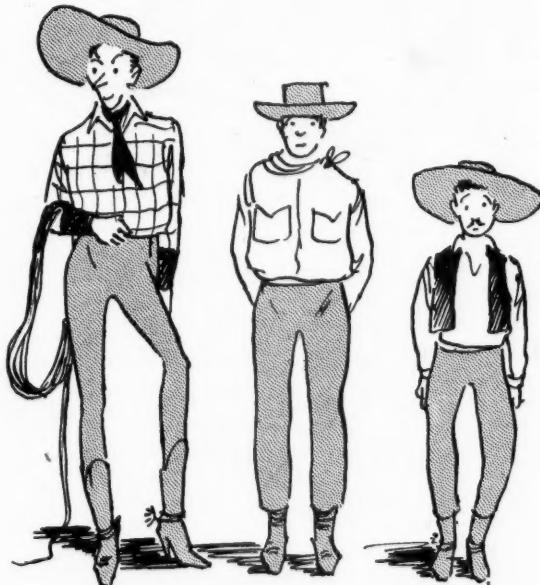
Even now Tom was thin and bony. One of those Indians who sleep soundly on a bed of nails might have found him comfortable enough: I didn't. When we were introduced he twitched his ears, and he stood docile and demure while I swung myself into the saddle, down his neck and to the cobblestones on the other side. He didn't laugh, children, he didn't even whinny; but he knew and laid his plans accordingly.

Larry kicked his horse into action, swung round and headed for the Bow trail. Simultaneously he broke into a rich baritone hill-billy. Tom needed no kicking. I started a tenor accompaniment and Tom started to sweat. So I took a few bars' rest. In self-defence I ought to say that riding in Canada isn't quite the same thing as riding in Britain (I'm told): the saddle is different, the steering is different too. But whether I used the British or the Canadian code Tom remained completely unimpressed. His tactics were quite simple. First he allowed Larry and the rest of the posse to draw well ahead; then he looked around for refreshments. He found lovely clear rivulets to drink at, rich patches of pasture to browse on. I appealed to his better nature, to his membership of the society for the prevention of cruelty to humans: "Tom! Tommy!" I yelled, tugging at the reins Canadian-style, "Heh, Tommy boy, giddap!" He raised his head slowly, looked round reproachfully and bent again to his pleasure. At

regular intervals he would make a tactful advance at speed in order to keep within striking distance of Larry. These were my worst moments. He left the track (a fine surface of pine needles and sawdust prepared and maintained by the Federal Parks administration) and trotted along a short cut through the woods. He seemed to know every tree with low overhanging branches, so that my progress was doubly painful. In fact I am quite sure that I covered as much distance vertically as horizontally. Some of the branches snapped off: others I bounced over with split-second timing. Only once did Tom falter, and that was when we came, at some altitude or other, upon a patch of old snow. Tom tried it, didn't like it, and turned aside to make a detour. For ten seconds his front legs were off the track at least three feet lower than his hind legs. My acute angle can be imagined, children. Tom worked harder then than at any time in his wild young life. One false move and I was off, never to mount again. That would mean a bad mark for Tom and no dinner when we got back to the stables. He just made it.

Just before the string turned in at Brinsley's Tom rushed into the lead and carried me straightway into the stable to his stall. The place had a wealth of low, overhanging beams.

Naturally enough, I have not been able to get about quite so much since my encounter with Tom, but Larry is a fine sick-room visitor and very informative. Nothing was too much trouble for him. He even offered to take my



*The dude, the rookie and the part-timer*

liquor-licence—it cost one dollar and entitled me "to purchase spirits, wine, beer and malt liquor for beverage, medicinal or culinary purposes" in accordance with various acts and regulations—to the store and collect my ration of malt liquor for medicinal purposes. He cheered me with endless yarns of life in the bush and on the prairie. With some persuasion I got him to admit that *some* cowboys do roam the range in pretty slick convertibles these days, but he explained that the change was forced upon them by the Mounties who now do their patrolling in fast coupés.

It was ever thus with Nature: the species adapt themselves to new dangers with wonderful ingenuity. He talked enthusiastically of the Calgary Stampede, of calf-roping, bucking-horse riding, bareback buck-riding, wild cow milking and wild steer decorating, and—still there by my cot—inducted me into the mysteries of his craft. There



*"My acute angle can be imagined."*

were hints on how to offer buns and sweetmeats to brown bears without getting mauled, how to shoo away an American adventuress without losing the tip, how to forecast the weather ("If y'can see Old Stony Mountain it's gonner rain fer sure: if y'cairn't see 'im it's rainin' fer sure"), how to ford a river and emerge, Hollywood fashion, perfectly dry and well-groomed . . . oh, hundreds of things that every intending cowboy should know . . .

If the floods remain, children, I may have to relate some of the strange tales told to me by the oldest inhabitants of the Rockies—you know, shooting the rapids, Red Indians, men with their mouths always full of bullets, pemmican, the Gold Rush . . . Anything can happen. I may be here for months. Well, not exactly *anything*: I shall never, never again let Tom take me for a ride. Hod.

○ ○

### *Consistency*

I HAVE loved horses all my life, the saddle better far—  
Or sitting with a skilful whip—than transport in a car,  
So when my last slow journey's due, will someone bear in  
mind  
My whim to have a horse-drawn hearse, and not the motor  
kind?  
They cannot all be mechanized; there must be one survivor  
To bear my poor old bones within, my ghost beside the  
driver!  
W. K. H.



*"I thought fifteen miles was too long for the cross-country race."*

### River Pool

A WILD rose petal drifts  
across the pool.

Its surface tranquilly  
reflects the unflawed sky  
like an antique mirror.

Cool  
lies the light—  
bright,  
neuter,  
on glass, or hammered pewter.

The single petal sails,  
swan-plumaged,  
beautiful.

But under the more-than-silk-smooth  
surface  
the water  
is neither hammer-pewter

nor sky-bright,  
but,  
subtly,  
liquid shadow, liquid light  
rippling across its bed of pebbles,  
flowing  
dimpling and wimpling,  
each current loving and knowing  
the contours of water-rounded,  
water-fingered  
root, rock and pebble.

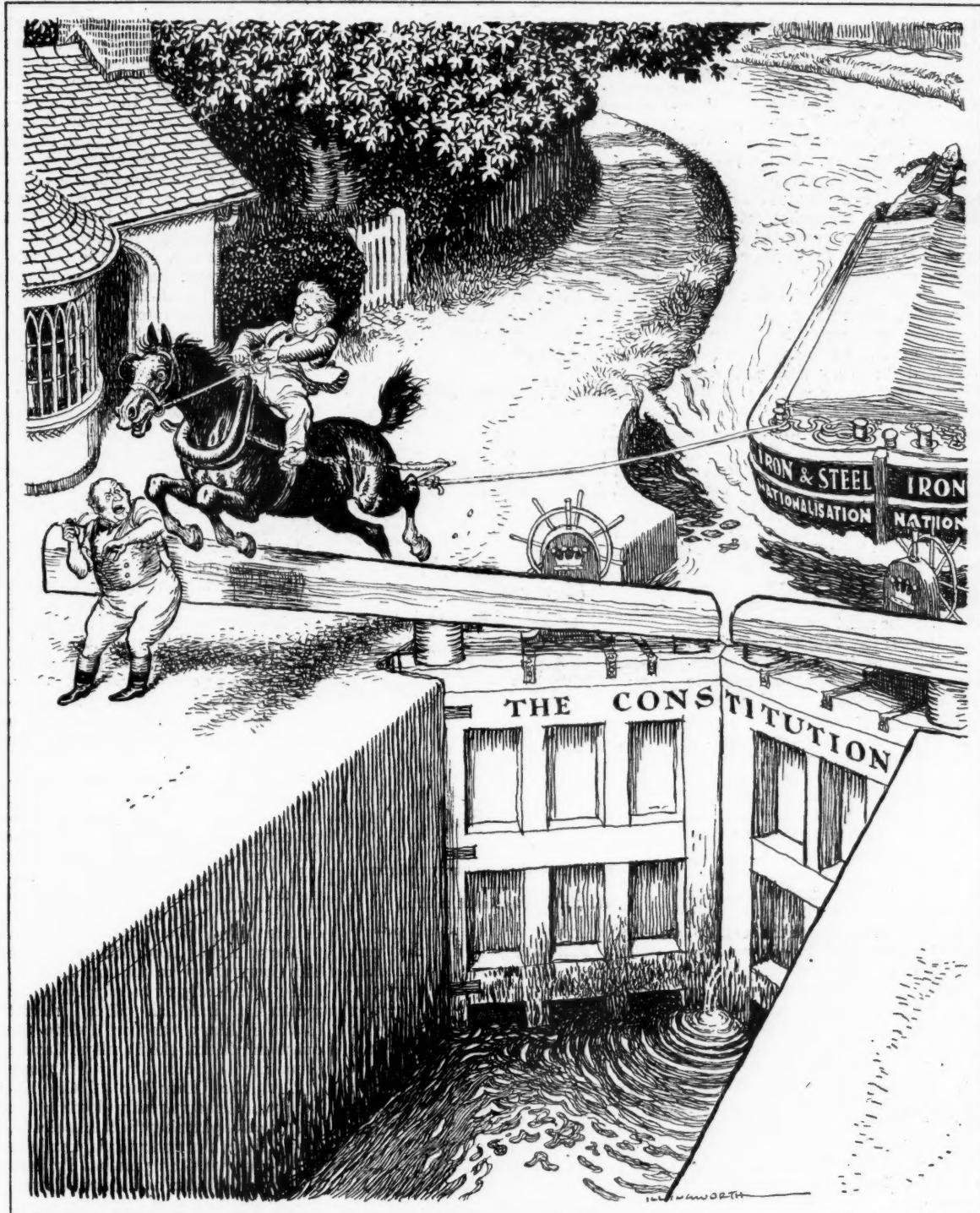
Resting trout have lingered  
in these clear, half-translucent shadows  
which  
tone with, but do not dull their plump  
sides' rich  
mottle-like metal mimic coat-of-mail,  
and minnows, made to scale,  
have darted like

wind-ruffled willow leaves  
from the water-weeds  
where lurks, from which may strike  
that water-tiger of the pool,  
the pike.

Dip but one finger  
in the pool—  
the bright  
meniscus seals it in a ring of light,  
and you will feel  
the water's gentle flow  
and tug and strangeness.

Look, but do not go  
below the surface of beauty:  
be content  
with surmise of another element:  
it is no stranger than the one you  
know.

R. C. S.



### BARGING THROUGH

"Now then, now then. There's a right and a wrong way of doing things, you know."

**M**ONDAY, June 7th.—For a long time Tory M.P.s, with anger, and Labour M.P.s, with disillusionment, have been complaining, more or less openly, that it is not possible to ask *anybody* a question if anything goes wrong with a nationalized industry. And as things seem to go wrong with the State-controlled industries with somewhat startling frequency, this has presented what is technically known in Parliamentary circles as a "grievance."

When M.P.s have a grievance (even, occasionally, when their constituents have a grievance) something has to be done about it. So many Members complained that they were unable to complain, that Mr. Speaker and Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, as Leader of the House, promised to see what could be done.

There was much to-ing and fro-ing behind the scenes, and the "usual channels"—as the Party Whips are called—got to work. To-day, Mr. Speaker, armed with a sheaf of typed notes with which he seemed unfamiliar, produced the results. It was a ruling to the effect that while the tradition that a Minister must not be questioned about things for which he had no responsibility must be upheld, something would be done to facilitate careful and reasonable questioning on "subjects of public interest."

But—just what subjects could satisfy this somewhat nebulous definition was not stated. Nor did the keen questioning directed to the Chair, Mr. MORRISON and the Government in general clear the matter to any appreciable extent. Mr. Speaker suggested that the House should see how things went, and, a trifle doubtfully, this suggestion was adopted. But nobody seemed at all satisfied with the solution, or even to be certain that it *was* one.

In rather a jumpy and testy mood the House moved on to a discussion on the Finance Bill, and it took all the famous even temper and tact of Mr. WILL GLENVIL HALL, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, to coax the Members back to good-humour. But it was done at last, and the proceedings continued cheerfully until well after two in the morning.

In the Lords the discussion on the Criminal Justice Bill was still going on in Committee. Lord GODDARD, the Lord Chief Justice, rather surprised the House by supporting the Lord Chancellor in demanding that the Court of Criminal Appeal should have the right to order a new trial in some criminal

## Impressions of Parliament

**Monday, June 7th.**—House of Lords: Crime Story.  
House of Commons: More About Finance.

**Tuesday, June 8th.**—House of Lords: Reform—Battle Commences.  
House of Commons: Still More About Finance.

**Wednesday, June 9th.**—House of Lords: Defeat.  
House of Commons: Gas Attack.

**Thursday, June 10th.**—House of Commons: Reprieve for Mr. Ede.

cases. This, as others were swift to point out, might mean that a person would be put in peril twice, on the same set of facts—a reversal of the age-old principle that one crime one trial was the rule. And in the end it was promised that the proposal "would be looked at again."

**TUESDAY, June 8th.**—"House Full" notices went up (figuratively) outside the House of Lords again to-day, but the crowds of sightseers swept in in such force that they overran and almost immobilized the Press

Lord JOWITT, the Lord Chancellor, urged that the Parliament Bill—which seeks to cut from two years to one the power of the Lords to hold up a Bill passed by the Commons—was just what the doctor ordered. The doctor, in this case, was the electorate, and the "occupant of the Wool-sack," as he is somewhat impersonally called, claimed that everybody (almost) wanted the powers of the House cut. And the Government had proved that it had no ill-will by taking part in all-Party talks on the possibility of a compromise. These had failed, but it wasn't the *Government's* fault.

Lord SALISBURY, leading the Opposition, moved the rejection of the Bill on the ground that its passing would pave the way to single-chamber Government and the end of many of our liberties.

He said it was sad that nothing had come of the all-Party talks, but that the failure wasn't the fault of the *Conservatives*.

Lord SAMUEL, for the Liberals, sat determinedly on the fence and handed out blame impartially, announcing that, whoever else was responsible for the breakdown of the all-Party talks, it wasn't the fault of the *Liberals*. He coined one phrase which (though the relevance was obscure) pleased everybody—that Lord WOOLTON's Conservative £1,000,000 fighting fund was a case of "too much money chasing too few ideas."

Lord CROMWELL announced his preference for half a loaf if the alternative was no bread, and appealed to Independent Peers to save the Tories from their own pigheadedness. Even after this blatant appeal to the ration-minded, other noble Lords criticized the Government's proposals, and the debate was adjourned until to-morrow.

Long after the Lords had gone home the Commons were talking wistfully and nostalgically of beds, pillows and mattresses. But their (official) interest in these things was confined to the question whether the Purchase Tax on them should be cut. Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who apparently does not, in the effective phrasing of the Americans, "use" sleep, went on resisting, and the Opposition went on pressing for, cuts in the tax. And in no time at all (well, hardly any time at all) came the dawn. Dawn broadened into full daylight ere, at 6 a.m., Members, severely taxed, were permitted to go to their taxed beds, and to rest their weary heads on their taxed pillows.



Impressions of Parliamentarians

47. Mr. P. Piratin (Mile End)

Gallery and mixed with the very nobility on the Floor. As for their Lordships, they performed new feats of physical compression—if they were not always so successful in applying the same treatment to their speeches. Altogether, the crowd—both noble and common—provided a model of how things should *not* be done.

For the second time in a fortnight, the Government faced defeat. Last week, their Lordships (in a Chamber just as absurdly overcrowded) threw out the Government's plan to suspend hanging for murder. This week their Tory Lordships planned to throw out a Government scheme to limit the effective delaying powers of the Second Chamber.

**WEDNESDAY, June 9th.**—Lord AMWELL is a skilled amateur conjurer and perhaps he had something to do with a remarkable trick performed by the Lords to-day. Somehow or other they contrived to get rather more than two hundred and fifty of their membership into a space made for about a tenth of that number. However, it was a special occasion, for the time had come to vote on the Parliament Bill.

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY tried a little peace-making, and urged that the Bill should not be rejected on Second Reading—on the principle that while there's a Committee Stage there's hope. His Grace warned their sceptical Lordships that the way to Single Chamber Government was paved with—rejected olive-branches.

Lord CECIL promptly retorted to the effect that the olive-branch in question (very much in question!) was really a particularly prickly holly branch and that he'd had some before.

Lord READING backed his leader, Lord SAMUEL, in asking that the Second Reading should be conceded, in the hope and belief that the Bill could be improved in Committee. It was a moving and telling speech, delivered with feeling and passion.

Lord SWINTON was next, and he

levelled scores with Lord SAMUEL for the "too much money" crack by saying: "If you run far enough you are bound to get somewhere!" To which even the nimble-witted Lord SAMUEL had no reply.

The Bill, said Lord SWINTON trenchantly, had been brought forward as part of a bargain in the Party caucus over the nationalization of the steel industry, and their Lordships, who had committed no crime, were to be taken into protective custody in the best totalitarian tradition. If they passed the Bill they would betray their trust and dishonour themselves.

Lord ADDISON, Leader of the House, replying for the Government, proclaimed his belief that the House was face to face with a great and gilded opportunity to do something historical—if only it would pass the Second Reading.

When nobody leaped up to clinch the bargain he tried another line of patter and announced vaguely that his Party had authorized him to offer future consideration to a reconsideration of the period by which their Lordships might hold up a Bill—if they passed Second Reading. If they did not accept this, then there would be no more peace talks.

Lord SALISBURY was up in a moment, scornfully rejecting both offer and

threat and terming them "blackmail." Whereupon their Lordships launched one of their leisurely divisions and in due course Lord FORTESQUE, the Opposition Whip, handed to the Lord Chancellor a slip telling him that the "Contents" numbered 81, but the "Not Contents" 177.

Which meant that the Bill was rejected and the Constitutional battle was on.

The Commons, a trifle jaded, were talking about gas—the Bill to nationalize the gas industry. Everybody but Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN seemed to find the subject a dull one and the House, except when a division was called, was sparsely occupied.

**THURSDAY, June 10th.**—Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, made a statement on the allegation of the Lord Chief Justice that in announcing "wholesale" reprieves he had acted unconstitutionally. Mr. EDE made the reasonable retort that, had he merely recommended the reprieves, without any preliminary announcement of his intention to do so, he would not have been open to question. And he proposed to put himself beyond question by advising separately on each case in future.

Which seemed to satisfy nearly everybody.





"Are you quite sure in your mind about this, Ethel? Remember, there's no turning back—it's going to use up the whole of our basic."

### The Cosmic Mess

AFTER the Derby the same little questions always occur to this column: but every year it forgets to ask for the answers. For example, when it sees the photographs of that insanitary huddle of horses at Tattenham Corner, madly galloping downhill, round a sharp bend and, it understands, on the wrong "camber", since the ground slopes away, it innocently asks itself, Why doesn't at least one of them fall down? and why do not many fatally tread upon their rivals? And what is responsible for the singular fact that they don't—the skill of the riders or the skill of the animals? And, another thing, why do these fabulous beasts "sweat" in the Paddock on a cold wet day? Is it nerves, a guilty conscience, or something they have eaten? This column reads in a Sunday paper that the well-fancied

*Valognes*, "who came into the Paddock looking a picture, soon began to sweat, and in the parade was in a lather, thus putting an end to his chances before the race began". (Another paper, by the way, said that "Nothing looked better than *Valognes*".) The newspaper experts always assume that we innocents, for whom, after all, they are writing, know as much as they do; but we don't. Why was *Valognes* sweating? Had someone blundered? Will the horse now have a black mark against him for ever? And why did his sweating put him out of the race? Many a cricketer has gone in sweating and made a century. Many an actor sweats on a first-night but gives a fine performance. And how, by the way, if sweating is such a handicap, does the trainer prevent or discourage such conduct?

While you are writing down the answers to those questions, this column will chalk another on the board. This was the "richest" Derby in history. The "winning stake" was £13,059 5s., the bulk of which, presumably, goes to France untaxed. But, suppose that an English owner won the Derby one year, would his prize-money be subject to income-tax? Or is it a capital thingummy? The answer to this is important, because the success of the Aga Khan is putting ideas into this column's head. But it is not going to breed race-horses if the State is going to pocket all its winnings.

How fast does a Derby winner run? This column bets you don't know. The "time" this year was 2 minutes 40 seconds, which this column, pretty cautiously, suggests is a rate of 33·8 miles an hour. The record time for the

Derby, it gathers, is 2 minutes 34 seconds—which is about 35 m.p.h.—or isn't it? But the greyhound *Priceless Border*, honourably mentioned in this column last week, has covered 525 yards in 28·75 seconds—a rate of 37·3 miles per hour. A race therefore between the top-horse and the top-dog, over a reasonable distance, might be rather fun. The record Boat-Race crew was doing only 14 m.p.h., so they could hardly be included. But they might have a match with Macdonald Bailey, who does the hundred yards at 20 m.p.h., or Mr. Herb McKenley of Jamaica, who has just run the quarter at 19 m.p.h.; or better still, a good miler, who does just under 14 m.p.h. (but you'd better check these figures, boys).

The only other question concerns the horse *Blue Falls*, owned by Mr. W. Harvey and ridden by S. Wragg. His father was *Blue Peter* and his mother *Fireball*; and blow them both! This column gave its confidence to *Blue Falls*, not merely because he had a nice name, not merely because he was 66-1, and that is the kind of horse this column likes, but because, it read, *Blue Falls* was one of the horses which had won a race over a mile and a half; and that was more than the favourite could say. Well, *Blue Falls* came in thirty-second—in other words, last. This column is well accustomed to backing animals which come in, shall it say, ultimescent, or very nearly last. *Blue Falls* was not only utterly last, it was laughably last. In the photographs of the finish you could just see, far down the course, a tiny speck, *Blue Falls*. One of the papers put a ring round *Blue Falls*, and made a mock of him. This column felt all this deeply. It is one thing to lose its money: it is quite another to be mixed up with a publicly ludicrous horse. It would like to know what *happened* to *Blue Falls*. There is no evidence that *Blue Falls* was sweating. This column has searched the papers in vain for any description of the physical condition of *Blue Falls*. What happened? Was he bored? Was he tired? If so, how did he manage on some previous occasion to run fast for a mile and a half, and finish ahead of other horses? And what sort of horses were they? Were there any other horses in the race? Was he sweating then? Did the Derby crowds alarm him? Did he stop to eat grass? Who paid for his passage to Epsom—and why? How does he feel now? Frustrated? Defeatist? Or determined to do better next time? The papers are full of stuff about the behaviour of other animals; but over *Blue Falls* an iron curtain has descended. Surely

we shall have a statement from somebody? A Select Committee? The thing is worrying.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the "hanging" compromises suggested does not commend itself to this column. That is that a few special forms of killing only should remain hang-worthy, among them the shooting of a policeman on duty. This column is all for our gallant police and their protection. But it is the right and duty of every ordinary citizen to act like a constable now and then: and a constable in trouble may summon a civilian to assist him in resisting or apprehending the malefactor. What, in such a case, is going to happen in the malefactor's mind? Having to deal with two men, he will say to himself: "If I shoot the policeman I shall be hanged. If I shoot the civilian I shall not. I will therefore shoot the civilian in the stomach, and, who knows, get away". This will not much encourage the civilian to go to the assistance of the constable. And what about "plain-clothes" officers? Our unfortunate murderers have surely a right to know where they are, and should not be led into choosing the wrong targets by low-down disguises. Anyway, much as the world admires the British genius for compromise, will not a cosmic laugh go up when the world hears that we have arranged a "compromise about hanging"?

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the many hazards of play-writing is that four or five chaps may be writing the same play at the same time. Some months ago this column met a friend who said he had written his first play and told this column all about it. It sounded "a good idea" and this column wished its hopeful friend good luck. Now a play, by another author, with exactly the same "idea" has been successfully produced in London, and there cannot be much hope for the friend's. Bad luck. In the film-world, this column understands, it is possible to "put a ball down", that is, to register your rough intentions, so that three companies will not start making a film of "Alice in Wonderland" at the same time. Something of the sort is needed in the play-world. It is not suggested that a modern Shakespeare should be forbidden to write *Hamlet* because someone else has registered a similar story. He would merely be warned that some other chap was writing a *Hamlet* too: and if he still liked to go ahead (as he probably would) that would be his own affair. On the other hand, if some lesser scribe found that Shakespeare was writing the same story he would

probably lay off: and much time, paper, and disappointment would be saved.

\* \* \* \* \*

Talking of films, this column seldom sees them; but it reads with fascinated interest the writings of the film-critics, seeking grimly for a kindly word about films. How they dislike them! The mystery is why, disliking films as they do, they write so much about films—especially those who write about the theatre as well, and give the theatre about one-sixth of their space. Recently, all the Sunday papers agreed that it had been "a big week" in the theatre, some said "the best for months". There had been four new theatrical productions, all successful and good. In the same week there had appeared only one new film, which no one seemed to like very much. Some could not conceal their loathing. Yet all the "dual purpose" scribes devoted far more space to the one film they disliked than to the four theatrical affairs they approved of. Very odd. Or isn't it?

\* \* \* \* \*

This column sympathized with Mr. Alan Dent's defence to the charge of "cutting" *Hamlet* for the film version. Every play is "cut" on the stage, he said; why all the fuss about a film? Quite right. Every playwright in his first script writes down far more words than he expects to be spoken, though at the time they may all seem to be priceless jewels. This column is always ready to be cut for the public good. Why not William? Look, this column must stop now, though it has lots more to say.

A. P. H.

### Cometh

I AM not the one to squeal like Mr. Eugene O'Neill, when I am told the Iceman Cometh.

I say, let him come if he must! I am not scared of him, nor indeed of the Dust-man. Let them all cometh.

I do not care one little jot, but what does worry me a lot is that the Cokeman cometh nor!

V. G.

### Casting a Wide Net

"WANTED, Mother's Help, live in, Streatham, happy home; foreigner not objected, or person (age not limited)."

Advt. in suburban paper.

## At the Play

*The Gioconda Smile* (NEW)—*The Winter's Tale* (STRATFORD)  
*Traveller's Joy* (CRITERION)

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY'S short story, *The Gioconda Smile*, is brief to the point of slightness. It is a successful exercise in satirical implication, in which much more is

cynical *Hutton* is, so to speak, reborn through his experience in prison and finds himself genuinely in love with the staunch and adoring *Doris*. In fact the special quality of the story has been replaced by an emotional theatricalism.

In the play *Mrs. Hutton* doesn't appear, but merely dies upstairs. *Hutton* is still the wealthy dilettante tied to an invalid wife, *Janet* the bitter spinster whose love he rejects, *Doris* the little floozie whom he marries immediately his wife is dead; but the *Doctor* is promoted to a controlling interest, and becomes a curiously unmedical mouth-piece for his author's metaphysical conceptions. To my mind this is a weakness in the play that the *Doctor*, and, to a smaller degree,

*Janet's* venomous hatred until in the last act she is absolutely possessed. As *Doris* Miss BRENDA BRUCE is touchingly sympathetic, Miss MARIE NEY makes a wonderful man-hating nurse, and as the *Doctor* Mr. NOEL HOWLETT does everything possible for an awkward part. The production, by no means an easy one, is capably handled by Mr. PETER GLENVILLE.

It seems a nice compliment to the vagueness of Shakespeare's geography to put Sicilia sartorially in Russia and to drench the sea-coast of Bohemia with the theme-song of the B.B.C. seal-gull, and a Mediterranean sun which effectively warms up the Warwickshire revels. MOTLEY has arranged all this very picturesquely for *The Winter's Tale* at Stratford, and Mr. ANTHONY QUAYLE's production, unusual in giving us a glimpse of the bear, intelligently shows *Leontes* a horrid despot and the rest of the play a fairy-tale. Unfortunately Mr. EDMOND KNIGHT, in his determination to be unbridled, is vocally too much so; but Miss DIANA WYNYARD makes a lovely *Hermione*, her gentle delivery of the defence speech in sharp relief to the storms of the court, and her final unmarbling most delicately done. Miss ENA BURRILL's *Paulina* is a prosecutor at whom any tyrant might tremble, and Mr. PAUL SCOFIELD as *Clown* in broad dialect is not merely conventionally amusing but genuinely very funny.

In *Traveller's Joy*, at the Criterion, Mr. ARTHUR MACRAE has fruitfully tapped the plight of rich English financially marooned abroad. He lets a divorced couple meet again in Stockholm, each under the delusion that the other can underwrite hotel-bills mounting fabulously; he clouds the issue with a crook masquerading as a Treasury nark, having in tow a lady of uncertain virtue but undoubtedly charm, and during three acts of pleasantly unethical jockeying nobody has any idea who is paying for what. This framework is slight, but hand-built to display the comic genius of Miss YVONNE ARNAUD and the smooth, confident fooling of Mr. CHARLES VICTOR, and it serves them well. Miss ARNAUD is like a glass of the champagne she pronounces so deliciously, Mr. VICTOR delightful as the frustrated magnate unexpectedly rediscovering romance in his former wife. Miss HELEN CHRISTIE, Miss DORA BRYAN, and Mr. ALEXANDER GAUGE all play up well, and the author holds a useful watching brief as an outspoken secretary. A theatrical soufflé, and as such to be recommended. ERIC.



TWO PAUPERS MEET A BUTTERFLY.

*Mrs. Beatrice Pelham* . . . . . MISS YVONNE ARNAUD  
*Reggie Pelham* . . . . . MR. CHARLES VICTOR  
*Lil Fowler* . . . . . MISS HELEN CHRISTIE

suggested than is said. So true is this that when the *Doctor*, after *Hutton* has been hanged for the murder of his wife, accuses *Janet* of having given her the arsenic, and she confesses, he goes on without comment coolly to write out a prescription, and the story ends. Thus its most telling moment is described dispassionately in a few lines and is then casually dismissed. This casualness is in tune with the airy detachment, the almost flippant tone, of the writing, but it is a literary effect, and in transferring his story to the stage (at the New) Mr. HUXLEY was faced with the necessity for drastic amplification. What he has done is to substitute a happy ending with a last-moment reprieve for *Hutton*, working up to it through a neck-and-neck struggle between a much more insanely revengeful *Janet* and a *Doctor* determined to wring an admission from her in time to save his friend. And in order to sustain this happy ending the

*Doris* in the scene following her attempted suicide, are made to talk in a rarefied and unnatural manner. The opening act retains some of the feeling of the original, the second less, and the third is practically melodrama. It is also unnecessarily cinematic. Here the set is split in two between the condemned cell and the room in which the *Doctor*, behaving very unprofessionally in the middle of the night, is tricking *Janet* into giving herself away.

With these reservations the play, in spite of patches of dialogue which smack decidedly of print, is a very effective piece of theatre, and it is unimpeachably acted. It was loudly applauded. Mr. CLIVE BROOK is more purposeful than the original *Hutton*, but the man's breakdown and new humility are very surely drawn. Miss PAMELA BROWN is more decorative than the original *Janet*, but nothing could be more dramatic than the way she develops

## Experts

WHAT with chronic neuralgia and the maddening behaviour of his radiogram Sympson has had a bad time for the past month. Like most people in similar circumstances he waited a few days to see if his teeth and his wireless would come right of their own accord, and then he placed himself unreservedly at the mercy of the experts. He first called in Knobswerve from the radio shop and gave him *carte blanche*.

"It goes all right for about ten minutes," he said, "and then it starts sort of grunting and groaning for about two minutes, and then it behaves quite well again until the programme begins to get interesting, when it gives a sort of whoop and starts grunting again."

Knobswerve took out a screwdriver and a lot of other instruments and thoroughly enjoyed himself at Sympson's expense for three hours, and then went home saying he thought he was beginning to get to the root of the trouble. As soon as he had gone Sympson put on his hat and went round to see Nashwell, his dentist.

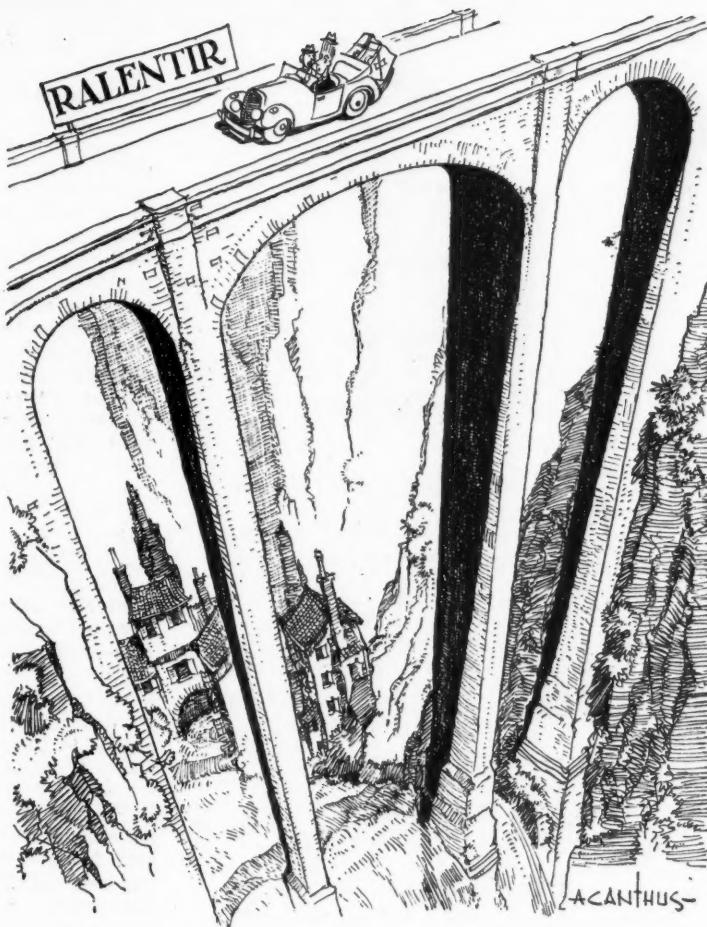
"The pain is all down one side of my face," he explained. "For hours together I am free of it, and then suddenly without warning it comes on, and then for no reason at all it goes off again."

Nashwell made a thorough examination and said that of course to be absolutely truthful the whole lot ought to come out, because if they did not sooner or later Sympson's inside was bound to be upset.

"I'm not worried about what may or may not happen at some future date to my inside," said Sympson, "especially as by that time the Government will have nationalized it and assumed responsibility for my digestion. I want you to stop the pains I have described, either by removing a few teeth or filling them or something like that."

Nashwell had another good look and said that so far as he could see none of the teeth was bad enough to cause the sort of pain that Sympson described. Perhaps it was not the teeth at all. He advised Sympson to wait a few days to see if the pain desisted, and then to come back again if it did not.

Next day Knobswerve visited the radiogram again, bringing a couple of assistants who, he said, had been interested in what he told them about the set, and the three of them spent a jolly morning at Sympson's expense, and then told him that what he really needed was a new set.



*"I put six demolition charges under this in 'forty-four."*

"Of course we could patch it up for a while," they said dubiously, "but in another year or so you would have trouble again."

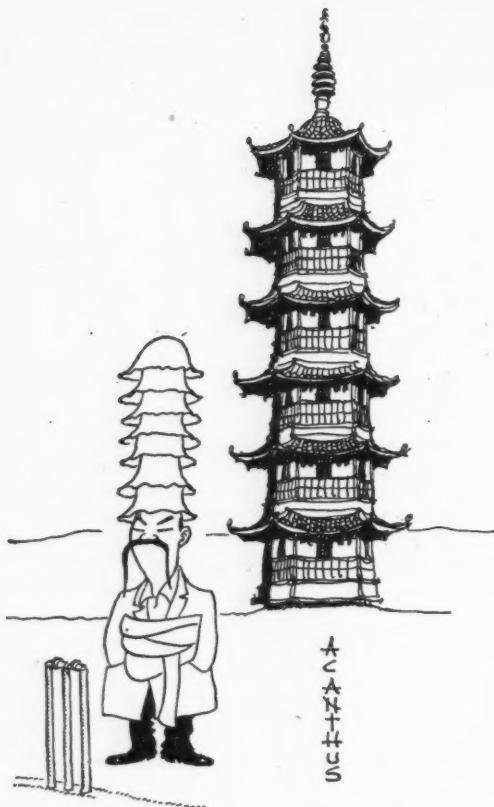
"I am not in the least interested in what may happen in another year or so," said Sympson testily. "Get on with the job of patching up. All I want you to do is to stop the grunting and groaning and whooping noises."

For the next ten days Knobswerve practically lived in Sympson's flat. Bit by bit he rebuilt nearly the whole of the set, but it did not make the slightest difference. The grunting and groaning went on exactly as before, and in the end Knobswerve lost heart, presented his bill, and retired frustrated from the field. On the day he got the bill Sympson made his fifth visit to Nashwell, who had meanwhile had an X-ray taken of Sympson's jaw which he said showed quite clearly that nothing was wrong.

"You're as bad as Knobswerve with my wireless," said Sympson, really losing his temper at last. "He's been messing about with it for a fortnight and it still grunts and groans, and you have been messing about with my jaw for a fortnight, and it still aches."

"Knobswerve isn't much good," said Nashwell, "especially on old-fashioned sets. It's probably just some small thing that could be put right in a twinkling by anybody who understood that type of set. I'll pop in this evening and have a look at it."

He popped in, made a swift diagnosis, and then gave one of the coils a sort of squeeze. The grunting ceased immediately, and Sympson has had no trouble with it since. He waited two days to make sure that the cure was really permanent, and then dropped a postcard to Knobswerve to ask him to pop round and make a thorough examination of his jaw. D. H. B.



**Our Booking Office**  
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

**L'Etat, c'est Moi.**

THE illuminating thesis which H.R.H. Prince CHULA CHAKRABONGSE of Siam has written on *The Education of Enlightened Despots* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 10/-) would have been even more animated had the formative years of its four subjects been more closely linked to the pedagogic trends of their time. That time is the eighteenth century. The despots are Louis XV of France, Frederick II of Prussia, Joseph II of Austria and Catherine the Great. All except the last were reared for sovereignty; and in estimating the upshot of their education one must remember Fénelon's remark that "there are natures, like ungrateful soils, upon whom culture has but little effect." Conversely there are soils that repay the most casual tillage; and maturity may be the crown of a good education or a revolt from a bad one. The sole sign of enlightenment given by Louis XV was that aversion from warfare enjoined by the *Roi Soleil* on his death-bed. Frederick the Great exchanged the fanatic brutality of his father for the scepticism of Voltaire—and both elements went to found Nazi Germany. The author has rightly treated Frederick as his show-piece. Joseph II and his solicitous mother Maria Teresa deserve, perhaps, more sympathy than they get; but this study and that of Catherine were curtailed, we are told, by lack of opportunity and material.

H. P. E.

**The Final Phase**

*The Seven Thunders* (FABER, 21/-) is the sixth and last instalment of the diary in which Mrs. SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN has surveyed the war from South Africa. It opens

on September 1st 1944, just as the British and Americans were entering Belgium, and closes on October 2nd 1946, in Johannesburg, to which Mrs. MILLIN returned from a visit to Nuremberg. In natural reaction from the excitement of the earlier years of the struggle, Mrs. MILLIN drives a weary pen through the prodigious events of the final phase. Like Macbeth in Act V she has supped full of horrors, and direness, familiar to her slaughterous thoughts, can no longer start her. In the spring of 1945, as the Allies closed in on Berlin from the east and the west and the R.A.F. continued its overwhelming attack, Mrs. MILLIN recalls how in the month when London was most heavily bombed she quoted from Revelation, with Berlin in her mind—"Render unto her even as she rendered, and double unto her the double according to her works." But the fall of Berlin, and the deaths of Hitler and Mussolini, do not in realization much stir the diarist, who is more concerned about the rising shadow of Russia than elated by the dwindling shadow of Germany. Of the atom bomb she remarks that it may have ushered in the last era of human life, a not altogether unwelcome thought, perhaps, for elsewhere she writes—"Sometimes I wish all years were over for this preposterous world."

H. K.

**"Twixt Ape and Plato**

The author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" took particular pains, he tells us, "not to be the slave of one science," but "like a ranging spaniel that barks at every bird he sees," to follow his own bent. Mr. JOHN BROUGH's *Body and Soul* (HARRAP, 15/-) offers the same discursive assemblage of phenomena and something of the same fillip to speculation, without, of course, old Burton's delectable style. If you begin precisely at the Christian end Mr. BROUGH reaches so tentatively as a conclusion, you will wonder why he misses so many short cuts. Yet the believer has as much to gain from the book's obstinate questionings as the agnostic; for if it is to the latter's advantage to be told that morals—not art or science—mean civilization, it will undoubtedly benefit the former to make up his mind what morals are. Here the author's scientific and artistic outlook proves, if not always practicable, at least challenging. His contention, for instance, that painters, like surgeons, are unperturbed by nudity is quite as useful as his analysis of lascivious clothing. His illustrations, mostly from drawings in his own collection, reinforce this particular argument and are frequently attractive in themselves. (His impression that Byron welcomed "The Waltz" would hardly survive a reperusal of that poem.)

H. P. E.

**Eton**

This side of Paradise, no book written as Mr. B. J. W. HILL, an Eton master, has written *Eton Medley* (WINCHESTER PUBLICATIONS, 30/-), with the endeavour "above all else to avoid giving offence," can hope to present a complete view of its subject. But Mr. HILL writes with such unforced enthusiasm and with such natural delight in his theme as to leave the reader entirely incurious about whatever skeletons in cupboards a less amiable chronicler might have felt it his duty to catalogue. There appears to be no aspect of Eton life on which Mr. HILL does not touch. He deals with College and Oppidans, with the tutorial system, with school work, with crime and punishment, with games, with the Junior Training Corps, and with the School festivals, of which the Fourth of June is the most famous and important. There are also excellent chapters, which the general reader may find of particular interest, on the history of Eton. It was founded by Henry VI, a fervent Catholic, who obtained the Pope's sanction for his enterprise. After

the deposition of Henry, the favour and protection of his successor, Edward IV, were secured with considerable difficulty. The fall of the Yorkist dynasty produced another awkward situation; the oscillations between Catholicism and Protestantism under the Tudors required many delicate adjustments; and in the seventeenth century the Puritan interlude had its own problems. Modern Eton began to take shape after the death of the famous flogger, John Keate, and still retains much of the character impressed upon it during the last century. **H. K.**

### Collector's Crooks

What is even more surprising than that a pair of lawyers turned chicanery to immense profit is that the state of New York society in the 'nineties should have allowed their graft to flourish openly. *Howe and Hummel* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 8/6) were so well known that when anyone in a bar said "Here's how!" the common response was "Here's Hummel!" Between them they cornered nearly all the criminal practice of their day, representing, from a spartan twenty-four hour office conveniently opposite the Tombs Prison, most of the big names in murder, shyster and vice. They were paid in cash, kept no books, and gave reliable results, since nobody could touch them at bribing judges, buying reporters, deploying professional witnesses, coaxing juries and mining existing breaches in the law. Howe was a be-diamonded vulgarian, an adroit showman who wore special clothes for each phase of a trial, wept easily and was a brilliant improviser of tricks for stirring sympathy; Hummel was cleverer and quieter and spent more time in the office organizing his vast blackmail racket and other lucrative pursuits. Oddest of all, perhaps, was that side by side with these activities went a respectable theatrical practice which included such clients as Irving, John Barrymore, Mary Anderson, Rostand and Daudet. Both had been disbarred for a short time in the 'seventies; but Howe died more or less in harness, and when Hummel was at last caught out in 1905 he retired, after only a year in gaol and a fine of five hundred dollars, to London, where he lived peacefully for another twenty years with his sisters in Grosvenor Square. Much of Mr. RICHARD H. ROVERE's diverting account of these stupendous rogues has appeared in the *New Yorker*. It is very good reading.

**E. O. D. K.**

### Film Appreciation

For many people, "a book about films" would mean the photographically illustrated story of a particular film, or the life-story of a star, or a glossy manual of stills captioned with uncritical enthusiasm. Book-shops and book-stalls are full of that kind of publication; but there has hardly ever before been anything like Mr. ERNEST LINDGREN's "introduction to film appreciation," *The Art of the Film* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 16/-). A genuinely "authoritative work," by a man who knows the subject thoroughly and can describe and explain every corner of it with clarity and skill, it makes fascinating reading for all interested in films and is besides of the utmost value to anyone either making or writing about them. A section of practical information about "the film-maker's tools" introduces the main body of the book, which consists of a study of the proportionate contribution made to a complete film by each creative and technical department concerned; and there are three Appendices—a specimen of part of a script, a Bibliography, and a useful Glossary which includes (for instance) both "Cellulose nitrate" and "Slapstick." Of course there are also photographs—thirty-two pages of

half-tone plates, mostly stills illustrative of some point mentioned in the text, a few of studio methods or personalities. The book is entertaining as well as enlightening; almost any reader will find his pleasure in films widened and deepened by it.

**R. M.**

### The New Look in the British Commonwealth

Mr. H. V. Hodson, studying problems of world peace and national security with a regard that is imperially practical rather than patriotically sentimental, touches high levels of rising hope and near despair and—more usefully—of definite constructive suggestion in *Twentieth Century Empire* (FABER, 15/-). He proposes, for instance, to build new towns in Cape Province or Queensland rather than in Hertfordshire or Surrey, but he would have the able-bodied emigrants from this country who are to inhabit them paid for by the welcoming Dominion at any rate to the extent of a book-keeping reduction of British war-debt. He thinks we left India just in time to avoid submergence in immense consuming conflicts, hopes that no power may ever be confident enough of the result to engage in atomic warfare, can see no chance of world stability unless our empire remains substantial enough to sway the balance. Surveying a vast and sometimes unproductive acreage of land and sea surface, strategic oceans, air communications, racial mistrust, caste hatred, blind nationalism, food shortage, lethargic officialism and all the other seasonal blossoms of the global flower-garden, he is courageously prepared to propound a plan for co-operative cultivation of the imperial plot. This empire he regards as a club, a club with a constitution that is unwritten, casual and unsymmetrical, yet a club whose members are now bound together by an urgency of self-preservation. Such urgency calls for clear thinking and plain speaking. He supplies an instalment of both.

**C. C. P.**

### "... And Occupy Their Business . . ."

It is impossible in short space to give even a summary of *Western Mediterranean, 1942-1945* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 20/-), by "TAFFRAIL" (Captain TAPRELL DORLING, D.S.O., R.N.), since it is concerned with actions and landings off North Africa, Operations "Husky" (before which Sir Andrew Cunningham issued an historic message to all ships and naval authorities: "We are going to embark on the most momentous enterprise of the war—striking for the first time at the enemy in his own land . . . In the light of this duty, great risks are to be and must be accepted"), "Avalanche" and "Dragoon," the invasion of Southern France and a "real picnic compared with Salerno." The book tells, too, of the Navy in the Adriatic, the Dodecanese and the unconditional surrender of the enemy's forces in Italy. In a chapter named "Miscellany" there are many gay and grim anecdotes. One of the happiest describes the *Aurora*'s arrival at Naples: "Not a man was visible on deck. There were long ranks of Wrens in immaculate white with a Wren officer, so my version of the story goes, holding up the little anchor flag on the bridge." The story of a day in the life of Leading Seaman James Norris ends tersely: "No other man can have had the unforgettable experience of capturing a Siebel ferry with a Lewis gun and a loud-hailer, of being wounded, captured and narrowly escaping drowning, of being rescued by the enemy and arranging the surrender of the craft that picked him up, all in the space of twenty-four hours." Maps, photographs and excellent printing are all a help to "TAFFRAIL's" fine and clear piece of work in which the main history is never confused by the very many accounts of the exploits of individual ships.

**B. E. B.**



## Jour de Fête

THE lorrymen were on their way to load timber, they said, in the great forest where the Dukes of Normandy had hunted deer.

"It was as well we picked you up. To walk uphill on so warm a day is an undertaking foolhardy in the extreme."

"Bosquetville is farther than we thought," I explained. "It looks very small on the map, but we plan to lunch there if we can."

"Madame Morgat's *bistro* is a home from home. We lunch there too, and also our comrades in the lorry behind."

"Then it is our lucky day," we said.

"And ours," the lorrymen assured us.

The hill grew steeper, and like a smitten pachyderm the lorry rumbled terribly, deep down in its entrails, and shortly afterwards expired.

"Attendez," exclaimed the driver. "Je fais une chose."

Climbing nimbly from the cab he took the lid off a sort of dust-bin on the running-board. Into this he poured a sackful of little wooden bricks, and then started an electric fan somewhere underneath. We listened to its whining while we lit up Caporals. It occurred to me to wonder if perhaps a sackful of "E" coupons would have done as well.

"Ca va!" cried his mate, and once more we proceeded. The second lorry caught us up as we entered Bosquetville. Three men piled out of it, and the foreman led the way into the *bistro*. It was wonderfully scrubbed and clean. A long table ran from the door, and

behind was a dresser on which a platoon of bottles stood gaudily to attention.

"You can manage two extra?" the foreman demanded.

Madame Morgat's face fell. It had a good way to fall, being long and pucker, though not without humour.

"It is a disaster," she said. "We are calamitously bare. The baker hasn't been for two days."

Each of the men had brought a haversack and a wand of black bread about a yard long.

"That's easy," said our driver, breaking his wand in two and giving us half.

"Allez, allez!" cried the foreman. "Do you wish M. Churchill to be told of the inhospitality of Bosquetville?"

Madame Morgat and he were clearly old friends. She turned her back on him and spread out her hands to us.

"It is only that I cannot sustain you as I should wish. But let us see."

Without being told, a small boy in blue trousers was pouring draught cider out of wine bottles. He was kept pretty busy.

"You would not mind a little cold red mullet?" asked Madame, coming back apologetically.

We all had that, and everyone was so hungry that little was said while we ate it. Then all kinds of things emerged from the haversacks. Our driver produced an egg and a jam-jar full of haricot beans, which he gave to the boy to take to the kitchen, while

his mate fished out a slab of cold tripe and the foreman a bunch of onions and a little pot of home-made *pâté*. Madame reappeared sadly.

"There is really nothing I could offer without shame," she said to us. "Though if you would consider *œufs à la crème* with potatoes and a garniture of herbs? How many eggs for Monsieur?"

I gave her a rough idea.

"You are content?" asked the foreman, signing to the boy to pour with greater determination.

"Enormously," we said.

"And I. It is my birthday. Sébastien here shall make a poem and we shall sing it in the forest."

An excessively shy youth on the other side of the table mumbled something inaudible into his bread-and-butter.

"He is only shy because he does not drink enough cider, but he writes songs which deeply touch the heart. I am not shy because it is in my nature to drink plenty of cider."

"As we came along," I said, for the sake of Sébastien, "we passed the Risle. Are there still good trout in it?"

"Are there good trout in the Risle?" roared the company.

"You are then a fisherman?" demanded our driver, through a mouthful of eggy beans.

"If I could choose I should be nothing else."

"Écoutez, monsieur. The Risle runs past my garden. It is alive with magnificent trout. Will you come next May and fish with me?"

"I'd love to."

On the paper that had wrapped his egg he scribbled his address.

"He brings home the monsters, Vincent does," his mate assured me.

I thought I had better get things a little clear.

"Do you fish with the fly or the worm?" I inquired.

Vincent looked at me as though I had asked the President of the Houghton Club for the loan of a float. The others laughed awkwardly.

"Jamais, monsieur! Toujours avec la lampe électrique. It draws the big ones to the surface, and then one tickles."

"Of all methods it is the most artistic," explained the foreman, dismissing the subject. "And now, one more Calvados and we go to work."

We began to thank them for their kindness.

"But it is of course understood that you are coming to the forest? You can sleep while we load, and on our way back we shall drop you at your hotel."

"It's too good of you," we said, "but we'd be a nuisance."

In the meantime something prodigious was going on inside Sébastien. An invisible mechanism was being most painfully wound up. At length, with an effort that was obviously almost more than he could make, he leaned across the table.

"If you'll come," he muttered, "I'll show you a magic carpet. Of wild lilies of the valley."

It was the invitation of a prince.

ERIC.

• •

## Back to the Hoe

I WISH to inform all car thieves, established or prospective, that there is an excellent opportunity awaiting them at my house. For the next few months the garage doors will be left unfastened day and night. I withhold the name of our village, for I do not wish to make the thing too easy, but I can say that it is within fifty miles though not within sound of Bow Bells, and as a further clue that there are only three houses in the little lane leading from the village green—the first called BEWARE OF THE DOG, the second, beyond the spinney, called NUMBER SEVEN, and ours almost opposite. Ours has no gate and no name; if it were not for the house itself you might not realize that anyone lived there.

I cannot shut the garage doors until the end of September, because the swallows are now in residence, and they get up before I do in the morning. They also go to bed earlier, and I pay my nightly call on them after they have settled down: she on my second-best hoe and he on my small rake. These implements hang side by side with their handles down, and the birds occupy the business ends, facing each other at a distance of about six inches.

I have often wondered at this choice of perch. Cold iron! I can only surmise that they both like their feet nice and cool, but that the hen objects to draughts, whereas the cock prefers a refreshing breeze between his toes. The hen's perch is, in fact, getting warmer every night, for they have begun to build their nest on the hoe, as they did last year, and it is already firmly stuck to the wall. The rake, on the other hand, is in continual use in the garden, though of course I always put it back before dark.

Another point I cannot understand is why they choose to sleep and set up house on the ground floor instead of in the far more commodious loft, which has an admirable selection of wooden sites. If I were fully-fledged myself I am quite sure I should wish to go upstairs to bed, especially as little physical effort appears to be needed. But I suppose I shall never be able to enter fully into the mind of a swallow.

I can, however, appreciate the wonder of it all: the long flight, the superb navigation, the accurate timing—these birds have arrived early in the morning on precisely the same date two years in succession. And yet I find something almost more wonderful in the fact that they *want* to come back to my untidy, dusty, smelly garage. I like to imagine them perched side by side on a branch of a palm-tree, watching the moon rise over the desert sands.

"Gorgeous night, my dear," says the cock.

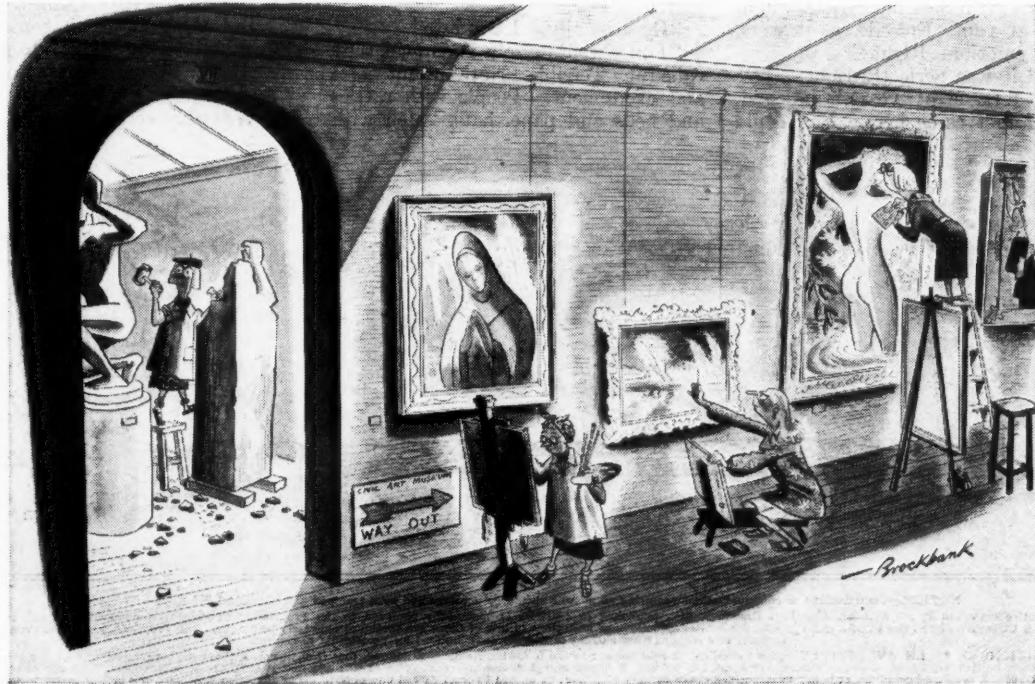
"Glorious, darling. But, you know, I have a feeling . . . Do you remember a muddy old Dutch hoe in a dirty garage in that funny little village in England?"

"Do I? And that rake! To get its tines between my toes again! Oh, boy!"

"Darling, let's start to-morrow. We shall be there in four days."

They are too. On April 19th, at 7.30 A.M., they are fluttering outside the garage doors, waiting for me to open them, wondering feverishly whether the old hoe is still there. As if I should have the heart to move it!

All the same, I confess—and this will particularly interest intending thieves—that since the swallows came I have been careful to close the windows of the car completely whenever it has been in the garage.



## The Love of the Game

**I**T was a quietish day at the county ground, a third day when the interest of the game had declined and the bar had the spacious somnolence of an hotel lounge at Harrogate. A man who was skirmishing around the outworks of a meat-pie said that it looked like staying fine.

"Ideal for cricket," I agreed.

"Quite right," he said. "A wonderful institution, cricket." He reviewed the lie of his pie and decided to tackle it instead from the soft underside. "Odd thing about cricket," he observed, having made an impression, "is that if it didn't already exist, nobody nowadays would bother to invent it. 'What!' they'd say, 'spend three days watching the same twenty-two chaps chasing a little hard ball! Not me! Give me midget motor-car racing with Lana Turner thrown in—and thrown out as like as not! Give me dog-racing! Three days knocking a ball about—batty!' That's what they'd say! Fatheads!"

I nodded.

"Now I'm a cricket-lover," he said. "Expect you are too. To me this is the ideal way of passing the time."

"It's a very good way."

"Something to hang your eye's attention on, like, while you think about anything you fancy. Nothing exciting, nothing to worry you or distract you. No telephones ringing, no nasty great buses lumbering round corners at you. Episode, as it were, without emotion. Right?"

I said it was perfectly right.

"It's forty-eight years," he said, "since I first came here. You could

call me a loyal supporter, I suppose. I took to it at once and I've been here every day possible ever since." He called for another meat-pie and retired into a silent retrospect of his forty-eight years. And then, "Figures!" he exclaimed abruptly.

I asked him what he meant.

"Figures!" he repeated. "Production, debts, dollars, income-tax—what are they all but figures? What's the crisis but figures? What's unemployment but figures? Every time you look in the papers and see figures you know there's a headache for somebody. And now look up there—on that score-board. What do you see? Figures!" He wagged his finger. "But they're good figures! Nobody's bankrupt because of 'em. Nobody's life's altered because of 'em. There's no general election, no speeches, no new rationing because of them figures. No! A cricket score-board is the only place left on earth where figures are safe and harmless and self-respecting."

I said I'd never looked at it like that.

"Nor have many people," he said. "If that's Yorkshire relish I'll have a splash on my meat-pie. Perhaps," he hazarded, "you're not a cricket-lover? Perhaps you just came to watch the game?"

"Something of both," I said.

"It wouldn't surprise me if in the winter you sometimes go to a football-match or two."

"Occasionally," I confessed.

"I once went myself. A cup-tie, they called it. Terrible. Nothing but noise and excitement. People with rattles and bells and paper-hats. Men with

jerseys like the Chelsea Arts Ball dashing about and kicking one another to death. And the bawling! The language!" He shook his head reprovingly. "No leisure! No contemplation. You don't see the spectators at a cricket-match wearing coloured hats and rosettes and waving rattles like kids at a Christmas party. Repose, that's what cricket-lovers have. When I left that cup-tie, I can tell you, I was proud to be a cricket-lover."

"I quite understand," I said. "You must have seen some great games in your time."

"I expect I have," he agreed. "Must have, I dare say."

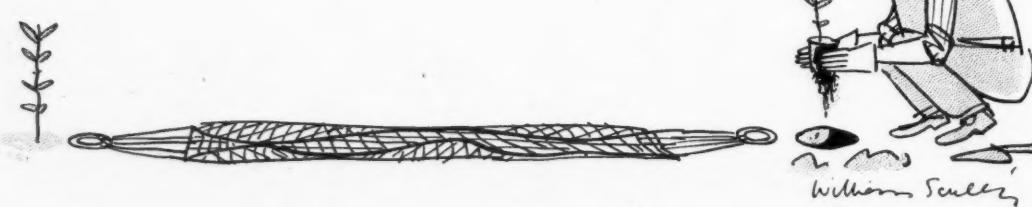
He concentrated for a moment on his meat-pie and I hunted for the cheese in my cheese-sandwich. When I had found it I made a brief comment on the game outside. "Sussex," I said, "seem to be batting very well this morning."

The cricket-lover's eye flickered with only the mildest interest. "Sussex?" he repeated. "Is that who's playing? I'd no idea."

• •

### Lines to Antonia

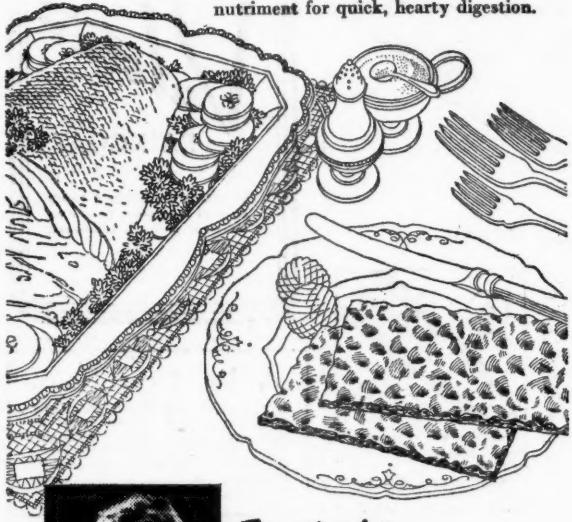
COME when the hay has grown  
And visit us, Antonia;  
When all the lilac's flown,  
But there is still begonia.  
Come when the midges drone  
(Better bring some ammonia),  
And our new gramophone  
Will play you a sinfonia. D.



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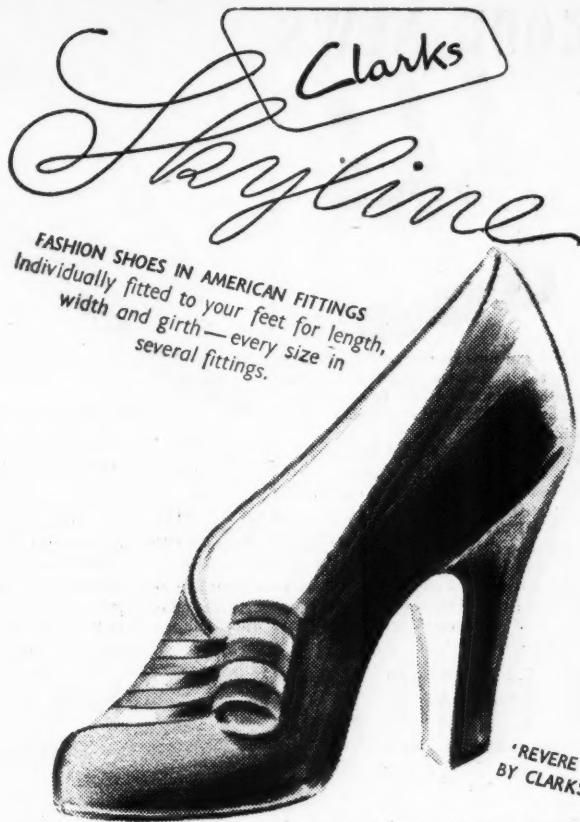
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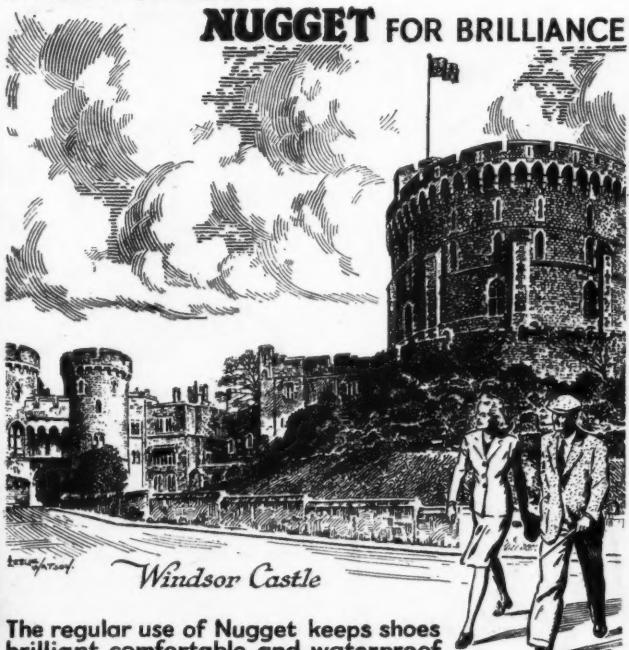
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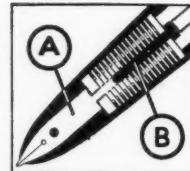
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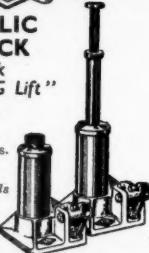
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C.E.8b



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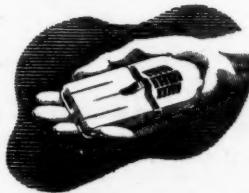
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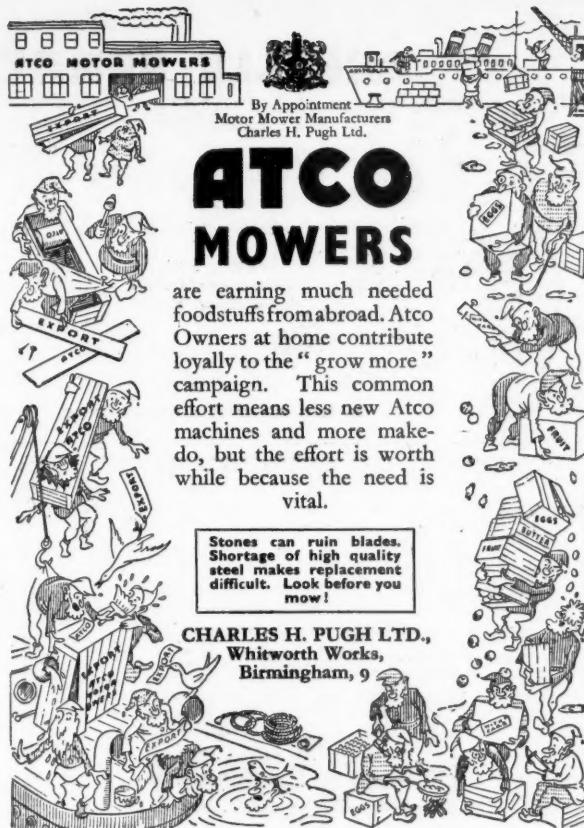
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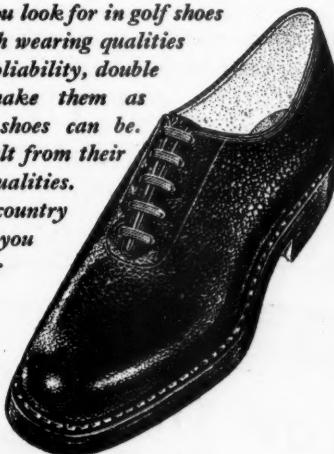
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**Biro Minor**



### Huck takes a Hint

HUCK: I ain't much gone on shops y'know, Tom; likely they sell dry ol' stuff on'y grown-ups'd want.

TOM: But Smith's is a bully shop, Huck. They got knives an' purses, pens an' diaries an' writin' paper, stamps an' albums an' maps, 'tee' stories an' books on planes an' radio. Trouble is, I can't get my Aunt Polly out o' that dern'd lib'y!

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THE affairs of mice and men "gang aft agley." True enough, but when it comes to building, both mice and men do a sound job. The mouse with instinct and we with reason are pretty good structural engineers.

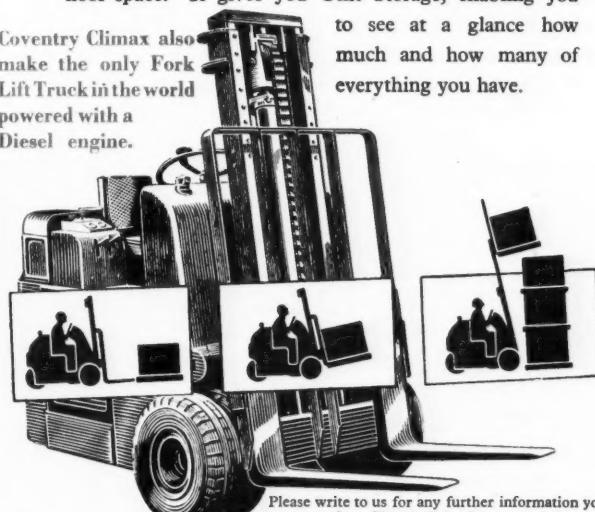
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